HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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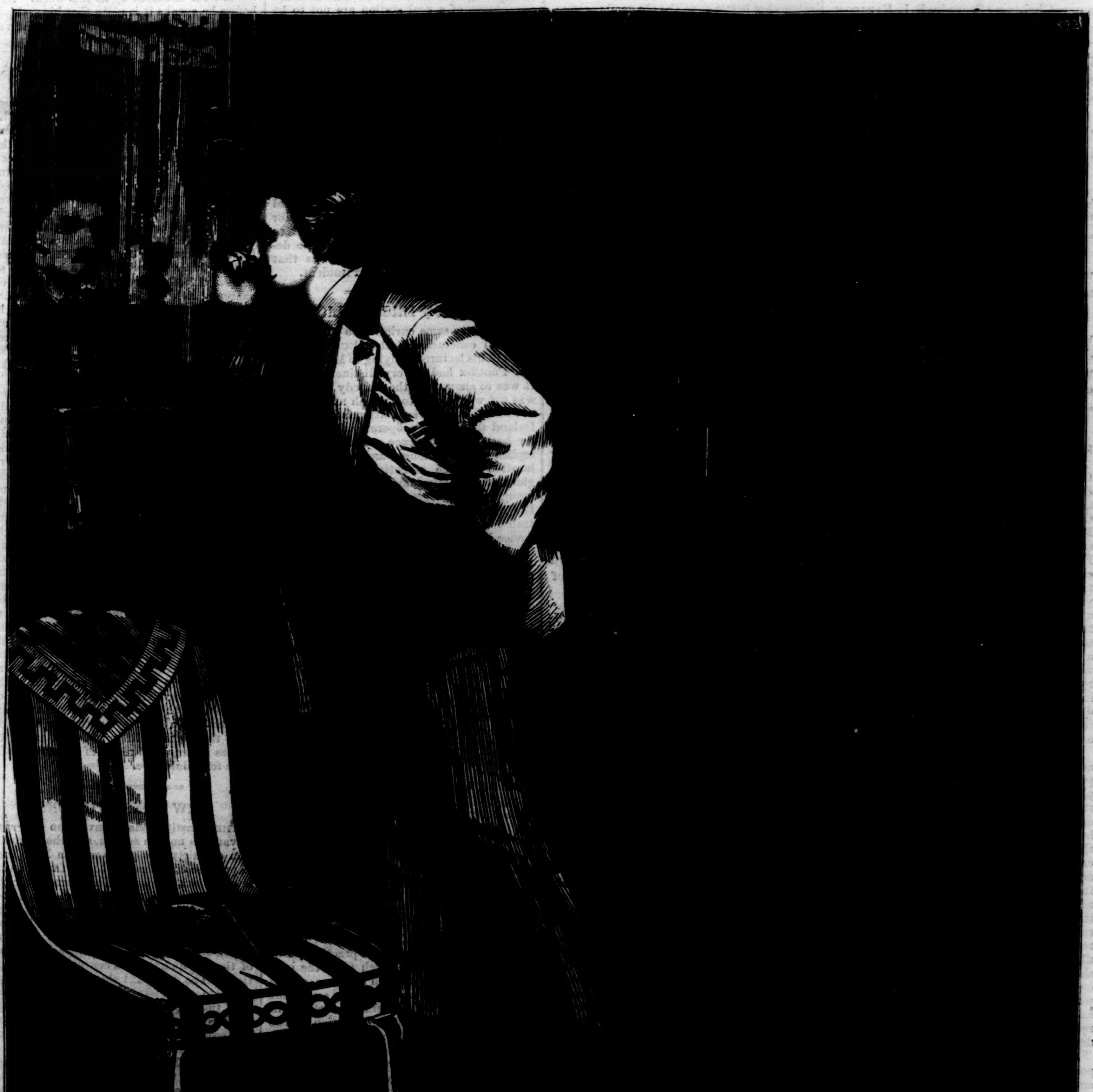


PREPARED TO CONQUER.—DRAWN BY WILL H. LOW.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 974.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1872.

☞ WITH this Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY is sent out gratuitously a splendid EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing a large installment of GEORGE ELIOT'S "MIDDLEMARCH," and a magnificent

FOUR-PAGE PANORAMA

of the Burned District of Boston, giving a complete, accurate, and picturesque view of the Ruins.

☞ WITH this Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY is given the commencement of

"BREAD-AND-CHEESE AND KISSES,"

a new Christmas Story by B. L. FARJEON, author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Grif," "Joshua Marvel," etc. It is a story of intense interest, and is profusely and splendidly illustrated.

☞ IN the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY will be given, with a biographical sketch, a large portrait of the late

HORACE GREELEY,

drawn from a recent photograph, and engraved in the highest style of art.

☞ IN a few days HARPER'S WEEKLY will begin the publication of a new story by CHARLES READE, entitled

"THE WANDERING HEIR,"

which the proprietors have secured by direct treaty with the author. The story will be profusely illustrated, in the highest style of art.

FACTS AND THEORIES.

THE most popular and common form of objection to the method proposed for the reform of the civil service is that a literary examination is ridiculous as a test of administrative tact or capacity. Senator CARPENTER poked a great deal of fun at the President's plan upon this ground, and his sneers are constantly echoed. Thus Mr. FREDERICK DOUGLASS'S paper says that the civil service rules favor "those who have taken no interest in politics, but have devoted their lives to the study of grammar, arithmetic, and writing." But what, pray, is the better qualification for a clerk who is to keep accounts—"interest in politics," or a knowledge of "grammar, arithmetic, and writing?" General BUTLER, also, recently remarked to a reporter that an examination in writing does not show whether a man is dishonest, or lazy, or intemperate. That is true; but it shows those facts quite as much as a politician's certificate shows them.

The truth is that the whole matter of examinations is misrepresented. If the rules provided that the candidate who was accomplished in Greek or astronomy should for that reason be appointed light-keeper or examiner of linen goods, they would be as laughable as their opponents now suppose them to be. And if it were asserted that the capacity to keep a hotel could be shown by an examination in grammar and geography, it would be a very rash remark. But we must constantly recur to the question, what it is that the appointing power ought to seek. There is no doubt that it ought to require honesty, general ability, and particular experience. Then the question is, how shall it ascertain that candidates have those qualities? There are but three ways in which this can be done: by the personal knowledge of the appointing power, by the recommendation of politicians, or by an independent investigation.

But personal knowledge is, of course, impossible. The recommendation of politicians and "influential" names is the present system, which is such that reform is demanded. There remains, then, only some kind of independent examination of qualifications. And what shall this be? What is wanted, as we have seen, is honesty, ability, and experience. The examination must, therefore, have regard to all these, and to each its proper weight should be given. So it is. It is not left to the handwriting to determine the honesty, nor to the knowledge of arithmetic to determine the special aptitude. But when a hundred applicants present themselves to be made clerks in the Treasury Department or the Custom-house, it is provided that those who upon investigation show that they are the most honest, intelligent, and experienced shall be appointed, and not those who have the longest list of influential names signed to their applications.

There are many posts in the public service which require a peculiar tact and technical skill. These are at present filled without any evidence whatever of the possession of those qualities by the applicants. A man is made a weigher or an inspector because he is a good political worker, or because he importunes somebody who wearies the appointing power. If a political agent is wanted in that post, he has been undoubtedly found. But if an intelligent and honorable officer is wanted, there is no proof whatever that he is there. It is absurd for those who defend the present system to sneer that examinations will not determine tact and technical skill. And for the reason that *some* care and inquiry are better than none. An examination, whether competitive or not, is not a panacea. It is liable to obvious objections. But it is, nevertheless, altogether better than the old spoils system.

It is often warmly alleged that a man who is fit to fill a superior office must know a great deal better than any examining board what men he wishes for subordinates. If the person who says this thinks only of a merchant employing clerks, he is correct. But that is not the case. The head of a department is not like the head of a commercial house. For instance, the Secretary of the Treasury appoints customs inspectors upon the nomination of the Collector, and the inspectors are nominated upon the pressure of politicians, many of whom have been efficient in procuring the appointment of the Collector himself. What does the Collector know of these subordinates? What does the Secretary know? The *theory* that the superior should arbitrarily appoint the subordinate is excellent, provided that his discretion is left absolutely free. But that is simply impossible; and it is therefore no reply to a proposal to ascertain qualification by investigation to say that the appointing power must necessarily be wiser than any body else. He may be wiser; but he can not make his wisdom effective.

Indeed, to any one who is familiar with the actual practice of the last thirty or forty years the assumption that the various appointing and nominating authorities select only those of whose competency and suitability they are assured is exquisitely ludicrous. And it is this knowledge which makes such speeches as that of Senator CARPENTER last winter laughable. Under cover of denouncing a system which would give the offices to broken-down school-masters, he was defending the system of the spoils. But whatever the defects of any method which aims at an honest inquiry into qualification, they can not be so great as those of patronage.

SAN DOMINGO.

THERE is some disposition to revive the San Domingo question, and the Baltimore *American* says that the election means the annexation of that republic. But not only does not the election mean that, but the question was carefully kept out of the canvass. The Convention that nominated the President did not pronounce for annexation, because it knew that such action would not help the party. That is to say, it knew that the country does not desire annexation, and that no act of the President has been more applauded than his manly reference of the whole subject to Congress. If any leading Republican journal made it an issue, it is not generally known; and if any orator asked a verdict of the people in favor of annexation, we do not know his name. Should the subject be introduced into Congress we shall undoubtedly see just how ardently the country desires annexation; and it is to be hoped that meanwhile the press will speak frankly upon the subject.

There are arguments for the annexation of San Domingo, as there were for that of Alaska, and as there would be for the acquisition of all neighboring territory. The report of the San Domingo Commission two years ago was a most interesting and exhaustive paper. It showed the resources of the island and its great promise, with all the probable advantages of its acquisition. But although the Commission was evidently fascinated with the charms which it described, it did not recommend annexation, and the President in submitting the report to Congress left the whole matter with it. The project was suspended, because evidently public opinion was not favorable. Meanwhile the subject has been scarcely mentioned. Why, then, is it now said that the country demands that it be reopened? The argument against annexation is as conclusive as ever; and to say that in re-electing the President the people have declared for the acquisition of San Domingo is to forget that he distinctly refused to be identified with the question.

The final argument against the project is that the paramount duty of this country is to confirm its actual as well as formal union. The alienation of feeling in one section of the country, whether reasonable or not, is undeniable. The causes which have produced it are familiar to every student of our history, and to every thoughtful man. The feeling is not one that can be arbitrarily or peremptorily removed. When amnesty is complete, the laws of the United States will be in every respect absolutely equal in every part of the country. That is all which the government as such can do. But there will long be the feeling, of which we give elsewhere an illustration in the remarks of a Texan newspaper upon the Boston fire: a smothered hostility, a traditional disaffection, which must not be encouraged. In a word, the true national policy is the cultivation of the sentiment of unity.

This can not be done by multiplying alien elements. Such a course would only delay and endanger the desirable result. And the advantages of a coal station are not to be measured against the peril of adding to the Union, at this time, a foreign State. The coal-station argument is the only real one. The other economical arguments apply equally to all other neighboring and fruitful regions. The moral and humane argument, as it is called, is also equally applicable to all semi-civilized countries. The question is not whether we might not improve the condition of San Domingo by annexation, but whether we should not injure our own, and thereby the interests of liberty and civilization every where. Those who assert that the people of this country have declared for annexation must show some reason for what they say. Our belief is that if left to the popular vote the project would be defeated by as positive a majority as that which has just re-elected the President.

THE TRUE IRISH POLICY.

THERE was some curiosity to know what practical conclusion Father BURKE would reach in his lectures replying to Mr. FROUDE. Mr. FROUDE had a very distinct purpose. It was to show that the tragedy of Ireland was not wholly due to English misrule, and to insist that, since separation is impossible, Ireland should now coöperate with England for harmony and peace. Father BURKE'S replies were a prolonged and passionate declaration of the essential greatness and glory of his native land, and of the bitter wrongs which England has heaped upon it. His historical candor was amusingly illustrated by his denial of any religious significance in the wars of PHILIP the Second in the Netherlands, and in the massacre of St. Bartholomew. There was no reason why he should not have rounded his statement with a denial of the religious character of the Spanish Inquisition.

But having asserted that the whole responsibility of Irish misery lay with England, and that the English had always despised the Irish, and that England in Ireland was but a name for fraud, injustice, and crime of every kind, Father BURKE said that he "did not believe in insurrectionary movements in such a divided country as Ireland." This was precisely what Mr. FROUDE had said. The country, he declared, is always divided, insurrection is hopeless, and therefore the duty of Ireland is to co-operate under equal laws with England. This is the counsel of common-sense. And what says Father BURKE? He says that England is plainly declining; that Ireland has only to wait, and when England disappears Ireland can offer herself as a State in the American Union.

The truth is that the logical but not the actual conclusion of Father BURKE'S view is that the wrongs of Ireland have been so intolerable that she is justified in asserting her independence by force of arms. This is also the Fenian theory and practice. But the Roman Catholic Church fears the consequences to itself of such a course, and is hostile to Fenianism. Yet as the sentiment of devotion to Ireland is almost as strong in the Irish breast as that of devotion to the Church, Fenianism threatens to become a kind of anti-Church movement, involving emancipation from ecclesiastical rule, and it must therefore be firmly but prudently and adroitly opposed. Father BURKE, accordingly, like all the leaders of his Church, strives to identify Irish patriotism with Irish zeal for the Church of Rome; and winning his way to Irish confidence by his patriotic fervor, he endeavors to convince his audience that the welfare of Ireland requires that for the present she submit: in other words, that Fenianism is a folly and a crime.

This was the under-current of the speeches of the Dominican preacher who has presented to an enthusiastic throng of native Irishmen the popular view of the Irish question. But he has not helped to settle it. He has only renewed and refreshed the hereditary Irish hate of England. Nor has he sought to make his hearers truer American citizens. His advice is that Ireland should await the dissolution of England, and such an attitude can necessarily be only one of sullen hostility. Whatever his representations of history may be, therefore, his conclusion is one that every thoughtful and honorable American citizen will emphatically reject. Since England is no longer hostile, and whatever she may have done in the past, since she now shows her friendly feeling by friendly and just laws, let Ireland either heroically and resolutely resist and abide the result, or manfully and honorably accept the amity which is offered. Either of these courses is generous and dignified. But that which Father BURKE recommends is neither. It is one that is wholly unworthy a people which desires sympathy and respect, and it could only prolong indefinitely a situation which England shows the honest will to ameliorate. Mr. FROUDE'S general reply to the attacks upon him will be made, too late for comment by us this week. But before he speaks it is plain that his real position has not been even touched by the vehement assault of Father BURKE.

THE "OLD SOUTH."

WHEN the Boston fire was still burning, and it was reported that the "Old South" was in danger, and even destroyed, there was a profound and general regret in the whole country, as there would have been had it known that Faneuil Hall was burning. But the historic monument was saved. The firemen toiled bravely, cataracts of water deluged the building, and to-day it stands unharmed on the edge of the desolate waste of ruins, as if its heaven-pointing spire had been a charm to stay the furious flames. But we know not when there has been so general a feeling of surprise and almost of contempt as when it was announced immediately after the fire that the building in which there was so natural and patriotic an interest, the safety of which had been secured by such immense exertion, and was so gladly hailed, was to be demolished to make room for a row of shops.

Why, then, was it saved? Had it been destroyed in the general catastrophe, it would at least have ended fitly. Had the old Revolutionary relic gone up in fire, every body would have regretted, but nobody would have laughed and sneered. But to have saved it carefully from the flames not because of its pecuniary but of its patriotic value, and then to pull it down as a speculation, is a fatal anticlimax for Boston. The argument for the demolition is evident enough. The members of the society live far away from the building, and as a church it is almost deserted, while for the money that would be realized for the property a commodious and convenient church could be built elsewhere. Against this there are certain arguments drawn from the express conditions for which the land was given. But the great argument is one of association and of what is called sentiment. There was never a case in which that argument could prevail with so little injury to any person or interest, and the country, which a month ago watched with such sympathy its struggle with the flames, will now watch, and with no less interest, the result of the attack of a more formidable foe.

NEW CONSTITUTIONS.

THE Constitutional Convention of Pennsylvania is now in session, and the Commission of thirty-two gentlemen in New York to propose amendments to the fundamental law is now organized. The moment for the revision in both the great central States could not be more auspicious, and every good citizen hopes that it may not be lost. We have now, in fact, reached a point at which the results of the political tendency of the last quarter of a century are admonitions. The dominant theory of that period in State administration has been twofold: first, that the State should regulate every local concern in every part of its domain; and second, that all officers should be elective. And this theory has signally failed in practice. There is no person whose opinion would have weight who would probably insist that this tendency had proved so advantageous that it should be still further encouraged. And it is by the light of this experience that the revision of the constitutions of Pennsylvania and New York should be made.

Nor is the change of method which that experience suggests without precedent. Two years ago the State of Illinois adopted a constitution which contains provisions that promise to be of the utmost service. The chief of these is perhaps the limitations imposed upon the Legislature. It is forbidden to pass special laws upon more than twenty

specified subjects, which include all the chief local interests in the State. It is these special laws which open the chances to collusion and corruption in the Legislature, and which are necessarily passed in profound ignorance of their real merits. To prohibit them is to purify legislation. And the result is that at the late session of the Illinois Legislature the number of bills was enormously reduced, and the members had an opportunity of understanding both what they were doing and why they were doing it.

The necessary evils of this system of special legislation are clearly and strongly stated in a letter from Mr. HENRY C. LEA, of Philadelphia, to Mr. WETHERILL, a member of the Pennsylvania Convention. His argument should be decisive with that body. And among the members of the New York Constitutional Commission are gentlemen who fully apprehend the value and the necessity of taking from the Legislature the great bulk of its authority to regulate every detail of local administration. It is a kind of centralization to which there is the most positive and intelligent hostility; and there is no method of reform in local politics so sure as to throw upon every neighborhood the responsibility for its own local affairs. Let every man ask himself why it is that men of doubtful character are willing to pay large sums of money to go to Albany and serve for four months in the Legislature for a sum of money which can hardly pay their expenses. It is to secure the chance of making a great deal more money out of the system of local and specific legislation.

The demagogue's argument, that any kind of restriction upon the elective character of officers is a distrust of the people, is only contemptible. The sign of a really free government is a constitution. But what is a constitution but the people restricting themselves? They learn by experience where they are likely to fail, and they guard themselves against themselves at those very points. Thus it is found that justice is surer and that courts are more respectable and respected in communities where the judges are appointed by an officer whom the people elect, and whom they hold responsible, than where they are elected directly by the people. BARNARD, CARDOZO, M'CUNN, and others show, for instance, what is likely to be the result of elective judges in a city like New York. That there are better judges also elected is due to the universal alarm which was caused by the condition into which the courts had sunk under the elective system. But the circumstances under which good judges were recently elected can not be expected upon every occasion.

The judiciary article in the present constitution of New York is not to be touched by the Commission. It was the article suggested by the Convention of '67, and was the only one adopted by the people. Fortunately, a body of thirty-two men is not large enough to be unwieldy, and is too small for rhetorical orations. It is composed of gentlemen selected from both parties, and they will submit propositions of amendment to the Legislature for reference to the people. There will be very deep and general disappointment if great improvements in our fundamental law are not now made. There is a universal feeling that this is the hour, and a sincere hope that the Commission may prove to be the men.

ARMY NEWS.

No recent appointment has given more general pleasure than that of General M'DOWELL to be major-general in place of the sincerely lamented General MEADE. There has been long a feeling that circumstances were unjust to General M'DOWELL during the war. He was in chief command at the time of the first bewildering defeat, and was condemned as the scape-goat. One of the most rigidly temperate of men, he was denounced as being sodden with liquor; and the total and absurd injustice of the charge was an illustration of the morbid state of the public mind, which could not judge justly. This feeling has wholly changed. The cruel situation in which the general was placed is now fully understood, and the satisfaction with his promotion is entire and universal.

So, also, the transfer of General HANCOCK to the Eastern Division, with head-quarters at New York or Philadelphia as he may prefer, is very agreeable to the public opinion which recalls his good service during the war. It was the misfortune of General HANCOCK that his name was at one time taken up by political schemers, and he possibly lent himself to their efforts. But recently he has been known only as the efficient commander of a remote military department, and his promotion to the more conspicuous arena is the pleasanter because of the assertion that the President was personally hostile to him. This is one of the stories which are easily told. But there was never a President whose official conduct was less affected by what is called personal hostility. Very properly, if the President is of opinion that a man should not be trusted, he will not trust him, nor pretend to trust him. It is that very quality which has earned General GRANT a great deal of abuse. But the fact that General HANCOCK is transferred to this department is enough, in his case, to destroy the tale of personal hostility.

A NEW VIEW OF THE GREAT FIRES.

THAT there is not that perfect reconciliation and fraternity of feeling in the Southern States of which we heard during the campaign we have constant evidence. We speak of it that the folly and the peril of dealing in questions of public policy with any thing but the truth may not be forgotten. Undoubtedly there are many in the Southern States who deplore sincerely the publication of such an article as we subjoin, and who know that such expressions tend only to foster angry feeling. But their publication shows also the existence of a bitterness which must not be forgotten. The peculiar ferocity of this article would be possible only in a community which had been utterly perverted by the monstrous wrong of human slavery. For such sores the salve of sentimentality which was so freely offered during the campaign is not a specific.

The *Weekly State Gazette*, of Austin, Texas, says:

> "Chicago and Boston were the hot-beds of diabolism that led to the late war between the two sections. They were enriched by the blood and devastation of our fair land, and on its ruins they have been rioting in their ill-gotten gains. The moans that went up from our crushed land were derided by the revelers, and rags, poverty, and the cold grave were regarded as quite good enough for rebels. But the tables have been turned. The scourge has been turned from the South to the palatial homes of the enemies of our people. And we shall not be surprised if Philadelphia should next share the visitation of the avenger of wrong."

HORACE GREELEY, the founder and editor of the New York *Tribune*, died on Friday, the 29th ult., at the age of sixty-two. The event occurred too late for editorial comment this week.

Mr. HENRY MARSH, who was for more than fifty-two years in the employment of Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, died at his residence in Brooklyn on the 1st inst., after a brief illness, and only one day's absence from his office. As superintendent of their composing-room he was well known and appreciated by many of our best critical and classical scholars as one of the most accurate readers and printers of the country. He has trained many men as compositors who are now printers and editors all over the United States, and who will be pained to hear of the death of their old instructor. Several of his younger employers worked under him, it having been the custom of the house to put the young HARPERS to the case under the tuition and strict discipline of this faithful veteran. His son, Mr. FLETCHER HARPER MARSH, will probably succeed to the position so long and honorably held by his father.

PERSONAL.

IN anticipation of Judge NELSON's retiring from the Supreme Court during the present session, speculation is active as to who shall be his successor, and it seems to be understood that the new justice must come from the South, as since the death of Judge WAYNE, of Georgia, the South has been without a representative on that bench. The Supreme Court, as now constituted, represents all but one of the various systems of law and practice in vogue in the United States. The Chief Justice combines the lawyer and statesman; NELSON is eminent as a patent and admiralty lawyer, sharing the latter with CLIFFORD and MILLER; DAVIS is strong on public lands; STRONG and BRADLEY are deep in common law, in titles, and corporations; SWAYNE and MILLER are admirable equity judges, while FIELD occupies high rank in land and mining cases, and questions peculiar to the Pacific States and mining Territories. Of the Southerners named for the probable vacancy are Judge DURELL and Hon. THOMAS J. DURANT, of Louisiana. Both are able lawyers and publicists, and would ably maintain the dignity that attaches to the high court of the nation.

—Senator SUMNER appears to have been made the recipient of many distinguished attentions during his brief stay in London. One evening a guest at Lord GRANVILLE's; next day at Chatsworth with the Duke of Devonshire. Mr. HUTH and Mr. TURNER, owners of the two finest private libraries in the kingdom, ask him to inspect their treasures; Lord EXMOUTH takes him to see his wonderful collection of porcelain; Mr. BOHN has him to see his pictures; and the Deputy Lord Chamberlain trots him over to Buckingham Palace to see its wonderful Dutch paintings—and so forth, and so on.

—Governor HOFFMAN, after the expiration of his term of office at the close of the year, contemplates a sojourn of a couple of years with his family in Europe.

—Soon after the Lord Chief Justice of England had taken his seat on the bench one morning a few weeks since an American gentleman introduced himself to a group of members of the junior bar by remarking that "he was an American lawyer, *he* was," and had come in there just to see how things were managed in the English courts. Upon which one of the gentlemen to whom he addressed himself quietly remarked, "Then you're just in time, for that's COCKBURN on the bench, and they're just going to apply for a rule to set aside the Geneva award."

—Mr. H. B. CLAFLIN, whose name is in the mouths of all (dry) good people, is building for himself in Brooklyn a bit of cottage on the Heights, to cost about two hundred thousand dollars.

—Miss EMILY CHAMBERS, a New England damsel, has a dress of straw-colored silk and heavy texture, which was her grandmother's bridal dress more than a hundred years ago; and it appears to be just as good as new.

—The only surviving relative of JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, author of *Home, Sweet Home*, is Mrs. LUGNER, the wife of a clergyman at Bedford Station, Westchester County, New York.

—The Queen of England appreciates so highly the princely gifts of Mr. JOSIAH MASON for purposes of charity and education that she has indicated her purpose of recognizing them by conferring upon him the honor of knighthood. The Erdington Orphanage and the Birmingham Science College, endowed by him, will carry his name along the stream of time with those of PEABODY, GIRARD, CORNELL, LENOX, and scores of others of our day, who are doing that sort of thing.

—The portrait in verse of Mr. LOWE, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, given in a recent English paper, has three neat couplets:

> "With equal calm, impartially severe,
> He snubs a pupil-teacher or a peer.
> Howe'er to merit cold, that feline mind
> Was never yet to fault or blunder blind.
> Red-tape experience he delights to spurn,
> Too quick to listen and too proud to learn."

—Mr. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT is said to pass a good portion of our fine autumn weather in wandering over the hills and dells near his beautiful home at Roslyn, Long Island. Recently he stopped in a store at a steamboat landing for the purpose of being weighed, and was quite chirk at finding he kicked the beam at one hundred and thirty pounds.

—Mr. MOTLEY was specially honored a few days since at the christening of his granddaughter. There were present on the occasion the Queen of Holland, Senator SUMNER, and various other notabilities.

—"Old Probabilities" is General ALBERT J. MYER, chief of the Signal Service Bureau. He came originally from Buffalo, and entered the army as a surgeon. Having invented the system of signals of such inestimable value during the war, he was made the head of a new bureau, and has since then largely increased and perfected it. He married Miss KATE WALDEN (daughter of the late Judge WALDEN, of Buffalo), a lady of the finest culture, and has an interesting family. Possessing an ample fortune, he combines in a very delightful degree the habits of the student and scientist with the lighter and airier tastes of a man of the world, and his spacious home is the centre of the most refined and intellectual society that gathers at Washington.

—Among the passengers lost on the *Missouri* was Mr. LEWIS F. CLEVELAND, formerly of New York, but latterly proprietor of the Royal Victoria Hotel, Nassau, New Providence, well known as a desirable winter resort for invalids. Mr. S. W. FELTER, of this city, succeeds Mr. CLEVELAND in the management of the hotel.

—Commodore WORDEN, of *Monitor* fame, has been promoted to a rear-admiralship in the navy—a most deserved distinction. From the opening of the war to its close he was in the thick of every fight in which he could manage to be engaged. His first memorable engagement, one that marked a new era in naval warfare, the fight between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* on the 9th of March, 1862, made him famous. His face is still blackened with the powder of that fight. For that exploit President LINCOLN visited him when he was covered with bandages, and thanked him. In the *Montauk* he attacked Fort M'Allister, on the Ogeechee River, on January 27 and February 1, 1863. On the 28th of February he destroyed the Confederate privateer *Nashville* under the guns of the above fort. He participated with the *Montauk* in the attack made by the iron-clad fleet, under the command of Admiral DUPONT, upon the defenses of Charleston, South Carolina, on April 7, 1863. On the 3d of February, 1863, he was promoted to a captaincy. He was again on duty superintending the construction of iron-clads from April 23, 1863, until February 2, 1866. After several other duties he was promoted to the grade of commodore, May 27, 1868. December 1, 1869, he was ordered to the Naval Academy, where he now remains, as superintendent. On the 19th of November, 1872, exactly eleven years after he was exchanged at Norfolk, he was made a rear-admiral in the United States Navy.

—The Earl of Caithness, who with his countess and family is now perambulating this country, seeing how we get on, is not a mere ornamental member of the nobility, but a man of study and brains. He is a practical inventor. Among other things he has made an improved mariner's compass, which he will submit to the Patent-office at Washington. He has also devoted much time to the improvement of the English fire departments, and is in all respects a plain, manly, matter-of-fact gentleman.

—Hon. ELLIS H. ROBERTS, recently re-elected to Congress from the Oneida district, has disposed of a part of his interest in the Utica *Herald* to Messrs. G. L. ROBERTS and S. N. D. NORTH. Mr. ROBERTS is one of those exceptional men who can talk well and write well, and who give dignity and character to journalism. His *Herald* is one of the most able as well as profitable papers in the State.

—Fancy! The Marquis of Westminster has just been furnished with a ceiling costing the large sum of $110,000. It consists of the best Spanish mahogany, which is two feet in thickness, a foot deep of which is elaborately carved around with the letters W. G. The cornice to the ceiling is of polished ebony of the finest description, and is three feet wide. Upon this are magnificent paintings, copies from the great masters.

—Mr. TOM KLAES has deceased. His claim to a passing remembrance from mankind rests upon the statement that he was the greatest smoker in Europe. He expresses the wish in his last testament that all the smokers of the country be invited to attend his obsequies, and that they smoke while following in the funeral cortége. He directs that his body be placed in a coffin, which shall be lined with wood taken from old Havana cigar boxes. At the foot of his bier tobacco, cigars, and matches are to be placed. And the epitaph which he requests shall be placed upon his tombstone is as follows:

HERE LIES
TOM KLAES,
The Greatest Smoker in Europe.
He Broke His Pipe
July 4, 1872.
Mourned by his family and
all tobacco merchants.
STRANGER, SMOKE FOR HIM!

—Mr. BOUCICAULT has his Chicago friend. Chicago called at the inn which shelters the dramatist, and sent up his card, writing thereon, "pressing business." The dramatist "saw" that card, and hastily rising from his position of repose, inserted his figure into one of POOLE's most tasteful draperies, and awaited the upcoming apparition. The entire stranger entered, and grasping "both fives" of Mr. B., observed, "Mr. BOUCICAULT, I have long been an admirer of yours. I have seen you play here, in London, Dublin, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and Chicago. I hail from Chicago. I have called to tell you this to your face, and to say that I should like to borrow ten dollars." The dramatic author, appreciating the neat style of the man of the West, extended to him the desiderated greenback, and they twain parted, never, never to meet again.

—As an encouragement to young poets, so many of whom are now flooding the papers and magazines with their ink-droppings, we reproduce for their admiration the very first verse ever written by Lord BYRON. It is on an elderly lady whom he did not like, who used to visit his mother, and who had a theory that after death the soul took its flight to the moon as a preliminary essay before proceeding further. This is what BYRON "did about it" when he was just ten years old:

> "In Nottingham town, very near to swine-green,
> Lives as crusty an old lady as ever was seen;
> And when she does die, which I hope will be soon,
> She firmly believes she will go to the moon!"

—Dean STANLEY and the Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, have agreed to surrender their estates to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners on the following terms: That the commission give them £18,000 per annum—£6000 for themselves, £2000 to the dean, and £1000 to each of the canons. The archdeacon gives one-third of his income to his co-archdeacon. The remaining £12,000 will go to pay the different officers of the cathedral, and the maintaining the service of the Church in efficiency; £30,000 is to be set aside, the interest of which, at only three per cent., the chapter are to receive, making £900 a year for repairing and maintaining the fabric. According to these figures St. Paul's, London, is far from being so wealthy a corporation as either Trinity Parish or the Collegiate Reformed Church of this city.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A FLAG of honor was publicly presented in Union Square on November 25 to the police force of this city, by a committee of leading merchants and others, for their services during the riots of 1863 and 1871.

William M. Tweed appeared again in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, November 26, in relation to the criminal charges pending against him, but his counsel raised fresh objections to pleading, and the case was postponed to the first Monday in December.

A colored delegation, representing the Equal Rights League of Philadelphia, waited upon President Grant recently with an appeal for "more rights." They went away with the assurance that all voters in the United States should be treated with equal fairness.

Nine bodies have been recovered from the ruins of the Boston fire, and five of them have been identified.

The contributions to the Harvard College fund amount to $103,000.

Lina Edwins's Theatre, on Broadway, in this city, was destroyed by fire on Thanksgiving-day.

The estimates of our municipal expenses for the coming year, as far as received by the Controller, amount to $16,305,014 59.

The Lackawanna Valley House, one of the largest hotels in Scranton, Pennsylvania, was destroyed by fire November 27. Several firemen were injured by falling timbers.

The bill for the relief of citizens of the United States who suffered from French spoliations on their commerce from 1792 to 1801 has been set down for consideration in Congress on the second Wednesday of December.

A dreadful explosion of nitro-glycerine occurred, November 25, about two miles east of the town of Yonkers, by which two youths were literally blown to atoms, and two others seriously injured.

While a gang of men were blasting rock in One Hundred and Forty-seventh Street, near Seventh Avenue, November 27, an explosion occurred by which three men lost their lives; two others remain in a critical condition, and several are more or less injured.

Two vessels arrived, November 28, at Upper Quarantine with twenty-nine cases of small-pox on board, but the patients were at once removed to the Emigrant's Hospital on Blackwell's Island, and the vessels towed down to Lower Quarantine.

According to General Myer's report of the operations of the Signal Service Department during the past year, seventy per cent. of the predictions have been verified.

The police records show that since last August fifty-two persons have disappeared mysteriously in New York.

FOREIGN NEWS.

AFTER an excited debate in the French Assembly, November 29, during which President Thiers made a lengthy speech, the government triumphed by a vote of 370 against 334 in favor of Minister Dufaure's resolution.

A terrific gale occurred in the British Channel November 23, wrecking a number of vessels, and destroying many human lives.

The dissatisfied London policemen were to have held an indignation meeting in Hyde Park on the 24th of November, but the attempt was a failure, a party of ruffians dispersing the small company that had gathered.

The Marquis of Londonderry is dead.

Mr. Cyrus W. Field gave a grand banquet in London on Thanksgiving-day. Mr. Gladstone and other distinguished gentlemen delivered eloquent speeches.

Five persons have been arrested in Rome for being concerned in a movement for a radical meeting to be held in that city. They were imprisoned to await trial for high treason.

A case of "Orsini bombs," destined for the "Eternal City," was seized the other day at the railway station at Leghorn.

A riot occurred at Santander, in Spain, November 26, but it was quickly suppressed. The province of Murcia has been placed under martial law.

It is said by the German official journals that Germany will respect the will of France in her choice of a form of government, and has no partisanship for either Thiers or the Assembly.

The Mexican Congress is about to erect a monument to the memory of Juarez, and to pension his children.

The government of Hayti is apprehensive of troubles growing out of the indemnity demanded by France.

THE 'COON HUNT—TELLING STORIES ROUND THE CAMP FIRE.—DRAWN BY R. N. BROOKE.—[SEE PAGE 974.]

SEEING THE CIRCUS PASS—A VIRGINIA SKETCH.—DRAWN BY R. N. BROOKE.—[SEE PAGE 974.]

THE PETS.—[Drawn by Gaston Fay.]

PREPARED TO CONQUER.

[See Illustration on First Page.]

O Vanity! your name is Man;
But while you smile, well pleased to view
That nice reflection in the glass,
A maiden slyly watches you.

A conquest do you hope to make
With that most wonderful mustache?
And does your mirrored image hint
That you are cutting quite a dash?

Complacent smiler, turn you round—
Complacency is yours no more,
When once your eyes have met the gaze
Of her who watches at the door.

Prepared to conquer though you are,
Your preparations are in vain;
'Tis sterling worth the maiden wants,
And that you can not give, 'tis plain!

THE ROMISH VICTORY OVER THE COMMON SCHOOLS.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

To be governed by the most ignorant and vicious of its population is a greater calamity for a city than that which has so suddenly fallen upon Boston or Chicago. The fire sweeps by with a swift desolation, which is then rapidly repaired. But the moral ruin, the financial waste, which have sapped for so many years the prosperity of New York, can scarcely be amended by the labors of generations. Our uneducated Irish Catholic voters have inflicted upon us incurable evils, to which the sufferings of Boston and Chicago seem temporary and insignificant. Retained by the Roman Catholic priesthood in extraordinary ignorance, educated only to consult the interests of a foreign Church, they have seized upon the government of the city, and covered it with disorder, peculation, and crime. Our intolerable taxation, sometimes reaching to one-fourth or even one-third the rental of property; a debt that has been swelled within a few years by an amount not much less than the actual loss in the burning of Boston; a series of frauds in the city finances that have probably added one-third, if not more, to the annual expenditure; the maintenance in opulent luxury of a throng of unnecessary, incompetent, and often infamous officials; the rapid growth of crime and pauperism; the corruption of the young; the decay of education—are the results that have plainly flowed from the rule of the uncultivated Irish Catholics among us, and the neglect of the intelligent majority of our citizens to oppose them with a united resistance. How easily might we have escaped every one of these ills, so almost irreparable, had the honest, industrious, and thoughtful part of the community, throwing aside the idle prejudices of party, joined to exclude from political power its less reputable members!

We propose to relate briefly one of the chief of our misfortunes—the victory of the Romish priesthood over the common schools: nor is there any one of the institutions of freedom for whose destruction they have labored with such assiduity and such plain success. Five years ago—for we need go no farther back—the public schools of New York were still comparatively flourishing and full of vigor. They had resisted all the previous attacks of their enemies. Every year new school-houses were built, and every year the number of children educated kept pace with the population. They had passed unshaken through periods of financial trial, through the perilous season of the war, through the conflicts of political parties, and were still advancing in popular favor and in general renown. Even the more thoughtful of the Catholic Irish were glad to send their children to schools where they could be prepared for future success in life, where they could obtain an education without cost that might lead them to competence and ease; many were already becoming sensible of the debt of gratitude they owed to American institutions, and while still retaining their traditional faith were fast ripening into valuable citizens. But the Romish priesthood had watched this process with jealous alarm. They saw that their influence over their people was waning. Their hatred for the public schools redoubled. They asserted the extreme authority of the papal Church, and laid its terrible interdict upon American education. The Irish Catholic politicians, so abject is their spiritual subjection, submitted at once. The Catholic press, the Romish clergy, lawyers, judges, influential citizens, with some few exceptions, joined the assault upon the public schools. The Irish people were reluctantly driven into a hostility to the beneficent institution. The priesthood, conscious that an open effort to break down the schools would rouse against them the indignation of all parties, resolved to proceed with caution, to undermine by secret intrigue the system which they could not openly destroy. Their plan was to create a large number of Romish schools at the expense of the city, and then drive their children into them by all the spiritual influence of their Church.

The Catholic press began now its ceaseless assaults upon American education. It was full of immorality—a centre of growing vice. The public schools were held up to the uncultivated Irish as the scene of perpetual abominations. No slanders were too gross, no calumny too unfounded, to satisfy the malevolence of the foreign Church. Accustomed in Ireland or in Italy to employ a clamor of abuse unrestrained by the rules of cultivated decency, the Jesuitical faction introduced into our religious discussions the virulence of Dublin or of Rome. The public-school system was "a social cancer;" the Protestant children were unfit to mix with the Catholic; the Protestant Bible was the invention of the "father of lies;" and American civilization was seamed with dreadful lines of criminality, and hastening to a speedy ruin. The calumnies resounded from the pulpit; the Romish priesthood assailed all that was American and national; the Irish Catholics began to repeat the unpatriotic lesson. And with that coarse yet successful cunning with which the papal Church has so constantly deluded its uneducated members, while Roman Catholic officials were plundering the city with an astounding boldness, or Irish Catholic paupers and criminals crowding our almshouses and our prisons—while our streets rang with Romish riots, and the nation had scarcely escaped from the disloyal practices of Romish politicians—the Roman Church convinced its own people that it was persecuted, innocent, and bitterly aggrieved; that the only hope of the community lay in the introduction of papal schools in our midst; of the transfer to New York of the moral degradation of Rome or Paris, and an assiduous teaching of the papal doctrines at the public expense.

From 1868 to the summer of 1871 was the culminating period of the Romish rule in our city affairs. Then the uncultivated Irish came in hordes to the polls from those first six wards where ignorance and vice most abound; from the purlieus of St. Patrick's Cathedral, where the Hibernian societies have their haunt, and from whence they have so often sallied forth to cover the streets with bloodshed; from the throngs of laborers on the boulevards and the various offices of the city departments—and, guided by their political leaders, decided the fate of New York. There was no longer any resistance. Republicans were bought with offices and secret or open bribes; rich men yielded to the general temptation; the press never ventured to bring religion into politics; the German voters were deceived and stupefied into submission to the Irish government. The Romish priests were active in all the departments; the city treasury lay at their disposal; every important office was filled by their devoted followers. Of the boards of Aldermen and Councilmen three-fourths of the members were Roman Catholic Irish, ignorant, corrupt, and shameless. The Catholics ruled the Board of Supervisors. The Roman Catholic Controller and the Roman Catholic City Chamberlain disposed of the revenues of the city. The Romish priests now resolved to complete their triumph by the total ruin of the public schools. They had already seized upon the Board of Education, and elected the greater part of the school trustees. Infamous politicians, the ignorant, the gross, the vicious, ruled the Department of Public Instruction. The cultivated women, the intelligent and laborious men, who, in many instances, presided over the public schools, perhaps the most valuable class of our citizens, were exposed daily to the inspection and the interference of their brutal masters. What treatment they might look for can easily be imagined. What annoyance they received they could not venture to tell. The Roman Catholic influence awed delicate women and scholastic teachers into silence; their salaries and their maintenance depended upon the Roman Catholic school officers, the Roman Catholic Chamberlain or Controller, the rude and gross politicians who ruled as school trustees, and but little complaint was heard. Yet it is stated that the office of teacher was sometimes put up for sale; that incompetent persons were often appointed through Catholic influence; that the Protestant teachers were exposed to frequent mortifications from their Catholic masters, and bore in silence what can only appear upon a careful inquiry into the abuses of our educational department. But the time had come for the final ruin of the system itself, and in the winter of 1869–70 the Romish priests demanded from their political instruments the immediate establishment of the papal scheme of public instruction.

The Paulist Father Hecker was one of the active leaders in the movement. He went to Mr. Richard L. Larremore, the president of the Board of Education, to Mr. Boese, the secretary, and Mr. Randall, the school superintendent, and pressed them to go to Albany to urge upon the Legislature the appropriation of a fund to the support of denominational schools. Obedience was evaded or refused. There were, besides, several honest members of the Board of Education who resisted boldly the projects of the Romish priests. The priests determined, therefore, to abolish the board altogether, to displace Mr. Boese, to silence all opposition, and not only to have their own schools, but also a new educational board, which would never venture to impede their plans for the destruction of the educational system itself. They resolved to place the control of the public schools in the hands of the enemies of public instruction. They succeeded in all their designs. A law was passed by the obedient Legislature granting $250,000 from the excise fund to denominational schools. Within a month from its passage the foundations of a large number of buildings for Roman Catholic instruction were laid in every part of the city. The Catholic school-houses vied with the public in size and completeness. They were paid for from the fund appropriated by the Legislature. They were often placed as close as possible to the public schools, in order to draw away the Catholic children; they were supported by large annual gifts from the city treasury. And to-day may be seen in many wards of our city great educational establishments devoted to the propagation of the Roman Catholic faith, guided by that Jesuitical influence which is now prevalent in the Romish Church, training our children in the morals and the politics which have so recently covered the city with robbery and riotous license, and yet supported at the cost of the non-sectarian community!

Yet the Board of Education, its obstinate secretary, and its rebellious members, still remained. To complete their victory, the Romish priests insisted upon its destruction. The new charter was devised, giving almost imperial power to the Romish rulers of the city—the Roman Catholic Controller and Chamberlain, the Mayor and his allies, and all the band of plunderers who were now prepared to govern by force the people whose money they had stolen. The Legislature and the feeble Governor readily agreed to the demands of the priesthood, for the Irish Catholic vote was become the last stronghold of their insolent supremacy; and a new Board of Education was created, to be appointed by the Mayor. It is easy to conceive that no non-sectarian element was to be found in its proceedings. The new board at once elected a bitter and active Irish Roman Catholic for its president, a bitter and active Roman Catholic for its secretary. Mr. Boese and his rebellious non-sectarian colleagues were expelled or forgotten. A few Republicans were retained in the new board, but they were Republicans who had long been accustomed to the society of Tammany plunderers and Jesuitical priests. The whole educational system of our city has lain in the hands of its enemies since 1869; and the officers of the Board of Education, it is believed, have employed all their arts to depreciate the public schools, to exalt the Romish. Its president has been a frequent visitor at the exercises of the priestly schools, and has pronounced them equal to his own. The office of the Board of Education is a favorite haunt of Romish priests. Father Hecker has accomplished all his objects. Catholics, it is stated, are usually preferred as teachers to Protestants. The discipline and the character of our public schools have received a lasting injury; the number of scholars taught has ceased to increase; the public schools are decaying and neglected, while the Romish schools erected at their side at the public expense are filled by the menaces or entreaties of the priests; and if not checked by decided legislation, the Jesuits will control forever the education of the larger part of the children of New York.

It can not, indeed, be known to the public how numerous are these Romish seminaries of various kinds among us, or what vast sums have been drawn from the city treasury in the last three years for the propagation of the Romish faith. The process has been secret, the progress unobserved. Yet the sums granted have been enormous. St. Gabriel's, a great and flourishing Jesuit seminary, planted close to the public school of the Twenty-first Ward, has received $11,000 a year; St. Teresa's, $12,000; St. Bridget's, $23,000. A throng of less conspicuous Romish schools have been maintained by our suffering city. A house of refuge for Romish children, the Protectory, an enormous establishment, has received $200,000 annually, to preserve its inmates from non-sectarian influence; a foundling asylum has been founded under Roman Catholic direction, endowed richly by the city, and granted a large income; the greater part of the juvenile convicts in the House of Refuge are claimed by the Jesuit inspector as the children of Romish parents; the almshouse, the jails, and the various public charities are employed chiefly for the support or the detention of Roman Catholic inmates. Nor is it possible to estimate the vast drain upon the resources of the city entailed by Romish ignorance, or enforced by Romish crime. The subject is endless, and our complaints are unavailing. Yet the moral of our story is plain. The government of the city must be taken out of the hands of the Irish Catholics. The department of education must be wholly renewed; the public schools restored; the whole people educated to become honest and productive citizens.

Nor let any intelligent Irish Catholic, or even the Romish priesthood, suppose that in thus plainly relating their past errors we have done so in any unkindly spirit, have any sectarian feeling, or desire to abridge any of their just privileges as the citizens of a free community: we desire chiefly to save them from themselves. The Irish Catholics, if properly educated, will, we believe, become valuable members of the State. Heretofore their course of policy has been singularly dangerous and unpatriotic. Their priests have led them into an assault upon the common-school system—the foundation of freedom. Their politicians have made them the unhappy instruments of their own avarice, dishonesty, and love of power. Their press, violent and unprincipled, has ensnared them in gross delusions; they have been made the victims of their corrupt leaders. What we ask of the more intelligent Irish Catholics and the Romish priesthood is some faint atonement for the evils they have inflicted upon the city, some show of regret for the enormous debt imposed upon it by the Roman Catholic Controller and City Chamberlain, the aldermen from Ireland, the Catholic officials, and the Romish contractors; a promise of future amendment; a modest submission to the few restrictions imposed upon them by American law. In this way only can they prove themselves worthy of the shelter and the home opened to them by a generous republic.

But of this amendment the latest acts of our Catholic rulers give no hope. Their recent violation of the law in order to sustain the Jesuitical schools is a new crime against a patient community. The Legislature has forbidden all grants of money to sectarian education. Yet the Roman Catholic authorities have seized upon the excise fund, and openly applied it to the support of their own schools, under the pretext of charity. The Catholic officials have appointed Messrs. Anderson and Kiernan, two active Roman Catholics, to distribute their spoil, and St. Gabriel's or St. Bridget's will be sustained at the public expense for another year by a daring fraud. It is thus that the Romish Church teaches dishonesty to its children, a contempt for American law to its people, and completes the long catalogue of its crimes by sharing anew in the plunder of the city treasury.

THE 'COON HUNT.

All who are familiar with the sports and customs of the "old Virginny nigger," as he existed in "ante-bellum" days, associate his memory with the hoe-down, the corn-shucking, and the "'coon and 'possum hunt." With the change of his condition the last named of these sports has lost none of its ancient vigor. A favorite mode of conducting the hunt is this: A few hours after darkness sets in, when the wary game has wandered far from his place of refuge in search of his scanty fare, the party, provided with axes, dogs, matches, and bags, repair to the woods. In some wild spot a blazing dry-wood fire is built, where the hunters gather in a circle and pass the hour of waiting in tale-telling or song. When the dogs, trained to their work, announce by their barking that the game is "treed," fire-brands and axes are seized, and the tree in which the 'coon has taken refuge felled to the ground, the game captured and bagged, and the dogs sent out again, while the happy party return to their fire. When the hunt is finished the night's sport is wound up with tales wilder still, in which "Mr. Coon" often figures as a prominent character. Our illustration on page 972 shows this jolly point of the game. When the cider jug has been exhausted, and the dogs have been fully rested, the exhilarated party disperse to their homes, where their captives must pine and fatten before the cabin fire, unconscious of their doom.

SEEING THE CIRCUS PASS.

In one of his rambles in the Old Dominion in search of picturesque subjects for his pencil our artist stumbled upon the merry group represented in the lower illustration on page 972. A large circus was passing along the road, and the pasture bars were completely covered with a motley crowd of white and black children, all intent upon seeing the grand display. The effect, as the sketch shows, was ludicrous in the extreme.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. W. H. Dall, who has been engaged for more than a year in making surveys among the Aleutian Islands for the Coast Survey, has made some important observations with reference to the breeding of the Alaskan cod-fish. He states that they arrive in March and April, full of spawn, and immediately repair to places with sandy bottom, defended from the wind and current by beds of kelp off shore. Here they remain a few weeks, and when they go outside they have no spawn in them. He does not think that the spawn is laid on the bottom, but rather that it floats below the surface in the water. If a heavy storm occurs, blowing on the shore, the sandy beaches inside the kelp are strewn with spawn. In May and June the young fish, from one and a half to two inches long, are plenty in the shallows, but go into deep water by July. He has collected a large number of the fry, and finds them to be exactly like the adults except in size.

Professor Peters has named the two planets lately discovered by him (Nos. 122 and 123) Gerda and Brunhilda, and communicates to the *American Journal of Science* the elements of their orbits. The orbit of Gerda is remarkable for having both the inclination and eccentricity very small—a coincidence not found in any other known asteroids except in the case of Clytia. The planet No. 124 is now known as Aleste, and at the time of Dr. Peters's communication had the appearance of a star of a little less than the eleventh magnitude.

Dr. Alexander M. Ross, of Toronto, calls attention to the recent discovery near the village of Millbrook, Durham County, Canada, of the fossil remains of the mammoth (*Elephas americanus*), and remarks that this is the first instance of its discovery within Canadian territory. Various portions of the skeleton were exhumed, among them three molars in excellent preservation. The tusk was very much decomposed, but there was reason to infer that it had originally possessed a length of ten and a half feet, and a diameter in the largest part of ten inches.

Mariners will be glad to learn that the Department of Marine and Fisheries of the Canadian government is now erecting two large light-houses, one on either end of Sable Island. This, as is well known, is a large island composed almost entirely of sand, situated about 150 miles from Halifax, and one which is directly in the track of a large number of vessels passing between Europe and America, and upon which numerous disastrous shipwrecks have occurred. The lights are to be very powerful, one of them a revolving white light, and the other fixed. Fog-whistles are also to be connected with each light-house so as to indicate its vicinity in foggy weather.

The Eclipse Committee of the British Association reported at the last meeting that, in response to the request of the association, the government had given £2000 to aid in the work. The Melbourne expedition failed from bad weather, but the Indian expedition was successful. The observers selected various stations in Southern India, along the line of totality, and at one place only was the eclipse obscured by clouds. It was demonstrated that hydrogen exists at 8′ or 10′ at least above the sun. It was also proved that there was strong radial polarization of the corona. Some photographs were taken, chiefly at the expense of Lord Lindsay, and these proved the corona to be higher than seen by the spectroscope.

The question has arisen as to whether it is desirable to establish a "close time" for lobsters, during which the female at least should be

protected from capture. It is alleged that on the coast of England, and on various parts of the sea-board of the United States, lobsters are diminishing appreciably both in size and number, and that, unless something be done to save them, they will ultimately run out altogether. Mr. Spence Bate, of England, suggests that for that country the capture of lobsters should be forbidden from February until May, and that of the female crab altogether.

A meeting of the American Oriental Society was held in New Haven on the 9th of October, and counted among those in attendance many gentlemen interested in the objects of the society from various parts of the country. The whole number of persons present was about thirty, and several papers of much interest were presented. Professor Stengle, of Columbia College, read a paper upon the connection of the Semitic language with the Spanish; and another was given by Professor Whitney, on the religions of India. President Woolsey made a communication upon the god Cronos, and Mr. Van Namee made some verbal remarks upon the relation between the Japanese language and that of China, and especially on the schools and literature of Japan.

Among other explorations made during the present year may be mentioned that undertaken in the upper part of the Bay of Fundy by Captain N. W. Beckwith, of Hantsport, and Professor William Elder, of Acadia College, Nova Scotia. Their labors were prosecuted principally in the Basin of Minas, and consisted in dredging and other investigations in the waters, and in mineralogical examinations of Cape Blomidon and other interesting localities. The promontory of Blomidon, so conspicuous to all who make the voyage by sea between St. John and Windsor, was ascertained by them to be 1250 feet in height.

An organization was established during the past summer in New York, under the title of the American Health Association, with Dr. Stephen Smith as president; E. M. Snow, of Providence, first vice-president; C. B. White, of New Orleans, second vice-president; John H. Rauch, of Chicago, treasurer; and Elisha Harris, of New York, secretary, several well-known physicians composing the executive committee. The objects of the association are to take cognizance of all matters bearing upon the public health, especially those of national importance; and in the membership are already enrolled ninety-five names, from all parts of the United States and Canada. The next meeting of the association is to be held in Washington in the last week in February, 1873.

Arrangements are being rapidly made in this country with reference to the great International Exposition at Vienna in 1873; and General Thomas B. Van Buren has been appointed commissioner by the President, with authority to nominate associates for the President's approval. At a meeting which was held not long since in New York, and which was well attended by representative men of science, an advisory committee of twenty-nine, with power to add to their number, was appointed by the president of the meeting, and Mr. Samuel B. Ruggles was made chairman, for the purpose of promoting the objects of the Austrian Exposition in the United States. Among the names selected for the different groups of subjects were William P. Blake, George E. Waring, Charles C. Joy, E. N. Horsford, C. F. Chandler, John E. Gavit, F. A. P. Barnard, Theodore Thomas, General Gillmore, Gilbert Vaux, S. H. Wales, Howard Potter, Dr. Dix, W. J. Hoppin, and others.

Sir William Thomson, in referring, before the British Association, to his plan of using steel wire for deep-sea soundings, remarks that piano wire of 22 gauge is less cumbersome and heavy, and acts with less friction, than the hempen line now used. This wire is paid out rapidly from a small drum, controlled by a simple brake, composed of a cord (passing one and a half times around the drum) fixed at one end, and a weight of seven pounds at the other. It is easily and quickly drawn up, contrasting most advantageously in this respect with the old method; and the steel is preserved from rusting by the use of powdered lime, or by working the drum in oil.

The presence of the British division of the Northwest Boundary Survey, with its *personnel* of officers and men in the field, and the evidence of its intention to remain over the winter, are shown by an advertisement in the *Manitoba Liberal*, published at Winnipeg, for "twelve smoked deer-skin shirts and trowsers, and sixty-eight buffalo-skin articles of dress of the same character."

Professor Marsh announces the very important discovery of fossil quadrumana in the eocene deposits of the Rocky Mountains. The genera *Limnotherium*, *Thinolestes*, and *Telmatolestes* are, in his opinion, closely related to the lemurs, especially in the correspondence of the larger bones. The teeth are more numerous than in any known quadrumana, some species having apparently forty—namely, two incisors, one canine, and seven premolars and molars on each side of each jaw.

The professor also describes a new genus of large carnivora, under the name of *Limnofelis latidens*, in which the canines and premolars of the lower jaw resemble those of the hyena, but with only two incisors on either side. The single species *Oreocyon latidens* is supposed to have been as large as a lion.

Another novelty consists in a cretaceous reptilian, allied to *Mosasaurus*, and possessing peculiar characteristics. The animal has been called *Colonosaurus mudgei*, after the discoverer, Professor Mudge, who obtained the remains in Western Kansas.

According to Dr. Carpenter, if we go deep enough in the open sea we shall always find the temperature as low as 32°; but in inclosed seas, such as the Mediterranean, the deeper and colder water, circulating from the poles, can not enter; therefore the lowest bottom temperature is determined by the lowest winter temperature of the surface. Scarcity of life in the Mediterranean he considers to be owing to a deficiency of oxygen in the water, due to its combining with a large quantity of organic matter brought down by the rivers and emptying into it. Thus, while in the Atlantic we usually find 20 per cent. of oxygen and 40 per cent. of carbonic acid, in the bottom waters of the Mediterranean there is often only 5 per cent. of oxygen and over 65 per cent. of carbonic acid. He considers the Red Sea and its neighborhood the hottest region on the earth, the temperature of the surface water rising to 85° or 90°, and the bottom temperature being about 71°, corresponding to the greatest winter cold. Outside of this sea, however, in the Arabian Gulf, the bottom temperature is 33°. Dr. Carpenter thinks that, as the lowest bottom temperature of the Red Sea is as high as 71°, living corals should occur there at greater depths than any where else in the world.

A new genus of fossil mammals, under the name of *Dinoceras mirabilis*, has been discovered by Professor Marsh, from the eocene formation of Wyoming, equal in size to the elephant. It presents a remarkable combination of characters, and although allied to the recent elephant, the skull was armed with horns, and with huge decurved canine tusks. The top of the skull is deeply concave, and has around its lateral and posterior margins an enormous crest.

A second species, nearly equal in size, called *D. lacustris*, was also obtained, and the two recorded by Professor Marsh are placed in a distinct order, which he names the *Dinocera*.

The latest advices received by Dr. Petermann in regard to the expedition of Messrs. Payer and Weyprecht were dated the 16th of August, when it was near the Bear Islands, in latitude 76° 17′ north and longitude 60° 41′ east. The expedition found immense masses of thick ice, but easily penetrable by steam-vessels. At the date mentioned the expedition was in sight of Cape Nassau, at least 220 nautical miles in a straight line from the ice barrier in latitude 74.5° north and longitude 48° east, which had been reached on the 25th of July.

The American Palestine Exploration Society, of which we have already made mention in our columns, is about sending off an expedition for the purpose of carrying out the objects of that body. According to the *Independent*, it is to be under the direction of Lieutenant E. Steever, U.S.A., who will have special charge of the topographical survey, and of the preparation of a reliable map. He will be accompanied by Professor John A. Payne, late of Robert College, Constantinople, who will superintend the archæological department, and make what collections he can in natural history and geology; but being himself especially a botanist, he will devote his principal attention to that branch. Mr. Van Dyke and other gentlemen will probably accompany the party to the field, and among them will be an artist of considerable reputation.

This labor is one, of course, that will require some time for its completion, and, according to the *Independent*, at least six years will be necessary to accomplish its objects thoroughly, even allowing for the assistance of a British society (organized for a similar purpose) in doing its share of the work.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The new building for the "Metropolitan Museum of Art" is to be erected in the Central Park, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Seventy-ninth Street. The plans for the structure have been settled, and the work is already commenced. A central building will first be erected, to which wings and extensions will be added as occasion requires. In due time this museum will become the pride of the art-loving citizens of New York. New additions are constantly being made to the collection in the temporary gallery in Fifth Avenue. The trustees have recently ordered a duplicate of the best specimens in the South Kensington Museum, London, consisting of beautiful statues, vases, potteries, etc. Some years ago, while General Di Cesnola was consul to the island of Cyprus, he spent considerable time in exploring the ancient tombs and temple sites for which Cyprus is famed. He made extensive discoveries, and secured a valuable collection of antique statues, busts, vases, coins, and rare and curious relics of various kinds. These interesting relics were recently shipped to England with a view of disposing of them to some public institution. It is said that the British Museum was meditating the purchase, when, by prompt action, the collection was secured for the Metropolitan Museum. Some idea of the extent of this collection may be gained from the fact that a visitor to Cyprus who inspected it in 1870 states that it then numbered 13,000 pieces, comprising many statues, 1800 lamps, 5000 vases, 2000 coins, 600 gold ornaments, 1700 pieces of glass of all descriptions, 300 pieces of bronze, and 100 inscriptions. Of the vases, 869 are of different designs.

Rev. John Cotton came to America from Boston, England, and himself gave the same name to the seaport in which he settled in Massachusetts. The derivation of the name is curious. In the seventh century a pious monk, known as St. Botolph, or Bot-holp—that is, Boat-help—founded a church at a place called Y-cean-ho. The town which grew up around it was called Botolph's Town, contracted into Bot-olphs-ton, Bot-os-ton, and finally Boston. St. Botolph is the patron saint of sailors; and it seems a little curious that the capital city of the Puritans should be named for a Catholic saint.

Switzerland is in trouble at the unprecedented increase in the cost of all the necessaries of life. The poor find the burden too grievous to be borne. Efforts are being made to import provisions, and sell them at little more than cost price.

To what base uses will the great Boston Coliseum now be put? It is certainly a rather sad ending that it should be sold at auction for the paltry sum of $10,500, when it cost something like $250,000 to put it together.

Nitro-glycerine will not endure being stoned; it retaliates. Most sensible persons nowadays understand its disposition, and deal with it accordingly. But not so did four young men of Yonkers. They went out gunning one day, and not finding much game, concluded to find some mischief to do. They happened to pass an inclosed piece of ground. Upon each side of the inclosing fence there was a notice warning every one that it was dangerous to go near or touch the contents of the inclosure, as it was nitro-glycerine in cans. However unsuitable it might be to leave an explosive substance in such a place, it does not excuse the recklessness which followed. The young men threw stones at the cans, supposing that they were at a safe distance. The result was that two of them were blown into fragments, and the others seriously injured.

Report says that the French post-office authorities have obtained a stamp-canceling ink which is absolutely indelible. Great losses have been experienced in the department for want of such a preparation.

The manufacture of false eyes is a business of considerable importance in Paris. The average sale of glass eyes is four hundred per week. The ordinary charge is about ten dollars for an eye.

It is said that probably about 60,000,000 or 70,000,000 cod-fish are taken from the sea annually by the toilers around the shores of Newfoundland. But even that quantity seems small when we consider that the cod yields something like 3,500,000 eggs each season, and that even 8,000,000 have been found in the roe of a single cod! Other fish, though not equaling the cod, are also wonderfully productive. A herring six or seven ounces in weight is provided with about 30,000 ova. After making all reasonable allowances for the destruction of eggs and of the young, it has been calculated that in three years a single pair of herrings would produce 154,000,000. Buffon said that if a pair of herrings were left to breed and multiply undisturbed for a period of twenty years, they would yield a fish bulk equal to the whole of the globe on which we live. The cod far surpasses the herring in fecundity. Were it not that vast numbers of the eggs are destroyed, fish would so multiply as to fill the waters completely.

In Central and in Prospect parks preparations have already commenced for the winter's skating. When Jack Frost comes to stay he will be welcomed in some quarters, for the young folks like nothing better than smooth ice and a good pair of skates.

The London *Telegraph* gives some details of the extraordinary precautions which have been taken in regard to the preparation of the French meter, which is to be the future standard of international measurement. The learned men appointed by the Academy of Science have decided in favor of the implement actually existing in the archives of Paris. Copies of this standard are to be delicately made, and furnished to the countries which accept it as a common canon. The length of the original is to be taken at the freezing-point; the material of the authenticated copies will be composed of mixed platinum and iridium, and they will be constructed out of the same ingot. They will be heated for many days at a prodigious temperature, so as to be proof, as far as possible, against subsequent molecular action. Each meter will be stored up in company with extremely sensitive thermometers, specially manufactured and tested; and the divisions upon each rod will be marked with micro-machinery constructed for that particular purpose. This might seem needless care, but in reality great issues depend upon the utmost attainable accuracy in establishing such a standard.

Experiments have been made in using dummy cars in our streets; and it is not unlikely that before long there will be considerable modification in the mode of travel through our cities.

Some interesting and useful facts relative to papers and books in safes were developed by the Boston fire. What is generally considered poor paper—considerably "clayed," as paper-makers term it—stood the best test. The gilding on burned and charred account-books shone out bright and clear. Books crammed closely into a safe suffered much less than those set in loosely. Characters on charred papers, by the use of any thing that moistened them to a certain degree—which was difficult to obtain exactly—were made legible through a magnifying-glass. Lead-pencil marks could be distinguished where ink marks were obliterated.

The Strasburg Municipal Library has already received fifteen thousand volumes, and several thousands more are in the hands of the French and Italian committees.

Thousands of persons have paid large sums of money to be cured of stammering. If there is any simple art by which those who are afflicted with this difficulty can be relieved, we think, in the cause of humanity, it should be widely known. An exchange gives a remedy which it says is successful in a majority of cases. The secret is simply this: The stammerer is to mark the time in his speech, just as it is ordinarily done in singing. He is at first to beat on every syllable while reading some simple composition. One can beat time by striking the finger on the knee, by simply hitting the thumb against the forefinger, or moving the large toe in the boot. Some such method as this would doubtless be beneficial in all cases where there is no natural stricture or imperfection in the organs of speech, which could only be removed by a surgical operation. Ordinary stammering would be cured by reading aloud an hour a day, observing the above-mentioned method, and also practicing it in conversation.

The English-speaking people of Jeddo, Japan, have built, by their voluntary offerings, a new union church, which was recently dedicated. It is opened every Sunday morning for divine service.

Belgium enjoys the reputation of having carried the manufacture of lace to its highest perfection. Recently an ingenious improvement has been made in lace manufacture, which consists in an arrangement of the hooks or needles so as to be capable of working independently of each other, and operated by Jacquard patterns, cards, or cylinders, with the thread guards all mounted on one bar. By means of this arrangement the patterns can be varied to a great extent, and the advantage is gained of greater simplicity of operation. In order to realize why fine lace commands so high a price one should understand how complicated is the making of it. The thread of Brussels lace, for example, is not only of exquisite fineness, but must be spun in dark under-ground rooms where it is moist enough to prevent the thread from separating. It is so delicate that it can scarcely be seen, and all the light admitted to the room is arranged to fall upon the work. On a piece of Valenciennes not two inches wide from two to three hundred bobbins are sometimes used, and for the larger width as many as eight hundred on the same pillow. The most valuable of this description of lace is determined by the number of times the bobbins have been twisted in making the ground, as the more frequent the twists the clearer and more beautiful is the fabric. Belgium annually sells of this lace alone to the value of more than four million dollars.

Gondolas are the cars, cabs, and stages of Venice. No less than four thousand are in daily use in that city. They are along all the quays, at all points in the Grand Canal, and, in fact, every where.

An exchange relates the following anecdote of Dr. Taylor, pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle. Before the changes which have been wrought during the summer and fall in the interior of the church were completed Dr. Taylor was one day standing in the edifice, talking with an "artist in fresco," who was eagerly endeavoring to enlist the pastor's interest in his own plans for wall decoration.

"Here," said the man of colors, pointing to a prominent part of the wall, "I thought it would be a good plan to put some illustrations of the life of Christ."

"No," rejoined Dr. Taylor; "it's *my* business to illustrate Christ's life in the pulpit. You've nothing to do with that."

"H'm!" continued the persevering artist, pointing to another part of the interior, "don't you think some crosses would look well painted there?"

"No," replied the doctor; "I've crosses enough already in my lot. I pray you don't give me any more."

"Well," sighed the rather disappointed artist, disposed to think that frescoing found little favor in that particular quarter, "what *would* you like?"

"I should like to have you get out of this place as soon as you can, and let me get in!" was the doctor's quick reply, the fun in his face showing easily what he meant by it.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The romantic adventures of Mr. Stanley may well afford a theme for song. They have inspired a poet, who gives us the following touching lines on the parting between Dr. Livingstone and his young American friend:

From the shores of Tanganyika,
From the Lualaba waters,
From Wajowa and Mirambo,
Wanyamyembe and Ujiji,
Also Unyanyembe,
And the mighty Thingumbumbe,
Come the sounds of bitter sighing,
Come a voice of utter sadness,
And 'Oh dearing' and 'Oh my-ing,'
But nary note of gladness;
For they are gone and went and parted,
Separated, broken-hearted,
And they'll never meet no more
This side of fair Jordan's shore,
For those happy days are o'er;
And anent their sad adieu
Breaks the natives' wild boohoo!
Boohoo! boohoo!"

A Michigan Love-Letter.—"Dear ——, come and see us soon. We have just got a new lamp that will turn down, down, down, and make it deliciously dark. Your affectionate ——."

Fee Simple—Money given to a quack doctor.

When a man comes to an end by jumping out of a third-story window, he may be said to have jumped to a conclusion in the most unreasoning manner.

The table of interest is the dinner-table.

A reliable exchange says that "alligators run races with trains on the Panama railroad." Is this intended to be complimentary to the railroad or to the alligators?

"Thirty years ago," said one proud Scot of another, "he came from Aberdeen to London with only one shirt to his back. Since then, by close attention to business, he has contrived to accumulate over a million." What can a man do with a million shirts?

A Leading Article—A blind man's poodle.

The Right of Weigh—What we don't get at many shops.

Jones, who was kept awake all night with the toothache, says that he passed a *night* of *mourning*.

A correspondent wants to know whether, considering the great utility of the ocean, poets are not wrong in calling it "a waste of water."

An editor says he once partook of a beverage so very strong that he could not tell whether it was brandy or a torch-light procession that was going down his throat.

When an auctioneer has made a catalogue for you, why is he ultra High-Church? Please don't say, Because he's writ you a list (ritualist).

A clergyman and one of his elderly parishioners were walking home from church one frosty day, when the old gentleman slipped and fell flat on his back. The minister, looking at him a moment, and being assured that he was not much hurt, said to him, "Friend, sinners stand on slippery places." The old gentleman looked up, as if to assure himself of the fact, and said, "I see they do; but I can't."

Under-ground Doings—Working in the tunnel.

The following letter, *verbatim et literatim*, was received by an undertaker recently, from an afflicted widower: "Sur—my Wiaf is ded and Wonts to be berried temorror, At woner klok. U nose wair to dig the Hole—bi the siad Of my too Other wiafs—Let it be deep!"

How many peas are there in a pint?—One *p*.

In an advertisement by a railroad company of some unclaimed goods the letter "l" dropped from the word "lawful," and it reads now, "People to whom these packages are directed are requested to come forward and pay the awful charges on the same."

Armorial Bearings of the Ocean—The crests of the waves.

How pleasant a surprise it is to see the miracle of novel motion in objects that are usually inanimate! We have seen a rope walk, a note run, a watch spring, a horse fly, and a Saratoga hop; and next summer we shall go over the hills to see the big trees leave, and the mountain slope.

"Come in out of the wet," as the shark said when he swallowed the boy.

We should fancy the "gentleman" who advertises thus would be very much surprised if he gets what he asks for—namely, a lady without incumbrance of means and education: "Matrimony.—A French Gentleman, Professor of Natural Sciences, aged 37, nice position, should like to Marry a Young Lady, or a Widow, without incumbrance of means and education. Address," etc.

THE AMERICAN COMMON SCHOOL.—[See Article entitled "The Romish Victory over the Common Schools," on Page 974.]

WITH a sense of infinite thankfulness upon me, I sit down to commence my Christmas story. This thankfulness is born of overflowing gratitude. I am grateful that I am spared to write it, and grateful because of the belief that the Blade o' Grass I put forth a year ago was, out of the goodness of many sympathizing hearts, not allowed to wither and die. It has been pressed upon me, and I have had it in my mind, to continue the history of the humble Blade o' Grass that I left drooping last year; but the social events that have occurred between that time and the present would not justify my doing so now. I hope to continue it before long. By-and-by, please God, you and I will follow the Blade o' Grass through a summer all the more pleasant because of the bleak winter in which it sprung, and by which it has hitherto been surrounded. In the mean time the tears that I shed over it will keep it green, I trust. And in the mean time it gladdens me to see a star shining upon it, although it stands amidst snow and wintry weather.

As I sit in my quiet chamber, and think of the happy season for which I am writing, I seem to hear the music of its tender influence, and I wish that the kindly spirit which animates that day would animate not that day alone, but every day of the three hundred and sixty-five. It might be so; it could be so. Then, indeed, the Good Time which now is always coming would be no longer looked forward to.

Not that life should be a holiday: work is its wholesomest food. But some little more of general kindliness toward one another, of generous feeling between class and class, as well as between person and person; some little less consideration of self; some more general recognition by the high of the human and divine equality which the low bear to them; some little more consideration from the poor for the rich; some little more practical pity from the rich for the poor; some little less of the hypocrisy of life too commonly practiced, and too commonly toadied to; some better meaning in the saying of prayers, and therefore more true devotion in the bending of knees; some little more benevolence in statesmanship; some hearty honest practicing of doing unto others even as ye would others should do unto you—may well be wished for, more appropriately, perhaps, at this season than at any other, associated as it is with all that is tender and bright and good.

Why does the strain in which I am writing bring to me the memory of my Mother? It is, I suppose, because that memory is the most sacred and the tenderest that I have, and because what I feel for her is inwoven in my heart of hearts.

But there is another reason. From her comes the title of my Christmas story. And this introduction serves in part as a dedication to the beautiful goodness of her nature.

I think that in this wide world, among the thousands of millions of human beings who live and have passed away, there is not, and never was, a woman who lived her life more contentedly, nor one who strove more heartfully to make the most cheerful use of every thing that fell to her lot—of even adversity, of which she had her full share. She was beloved by all who knew her. To her sympathizing heart were confided many griefs which others had to bear; and, poor as she was for a long period of her life, she always, by some wonderful secret of which I hope she was not the only possessor, contrived to help those who came to her in need. I remember asking her once how she managed it. "My dear," she answered, with a smile which reminds me of a peaceful moonlight night—"my dear, I have a lucky-bag." Where she kept it Heaven only knows; but she was continually dipping her hand into it, and something good and sweet always came out. How many hearts she cheered, how many burdens she lightened, how many crosses she garlanded with hope, no one can tell. She never did. These things came to her as among the duties of life, and she took pleasure in performing them. I am filled with wonder and with worship as I think how naturally she laid aside her own hard trials to sympathize with the trials of others.

She was a capital housewife, and made much out of little. She had not one selfish desire, and, being devoted to her children, she made their home bright for them. There was no sunshine in the house when Mother was away. She possessed wonderful secrets in cookery, and I would sooner sit down to one of the dinners she used to prepare for us (albeit they were very humble) than to the grandest banquet that could be placed before me. Every thing was sweet that came from her hands—as sweet as was every thing that came from her lips.

I would ask her often, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, "Mother, what have you got for dinner to-day?" "Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses," she would reply, merrily. Then I knew that one of our favorite dishes was sure to be on the table, and I rejoiced accordingly. Sometimes, however, she would vary her reply by saying that dinner would consist of "Knobs of Chairs and Pump-Handles." Then would I sit in sackcloth and ashes, for I knew that the chance of a good dinner was trembling in the balance.

But Knobs of Chairs and Pump-Handles was the exception. Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses was the rule. And to this day Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses bears for me in its simple utterance a sacred and beautiful meaning. It means contentment; it means cheerfulness; it means the exercise of sweet words and gentle thought; it means Home!

Dear and sacred word! Let us get away from the garish light that distorts it. Let you and I, this Christmas, retire for a while, and think of it and muse upon it. Let us resolve to cherish it always, and let us unite in the hope that its influence for inconceivable good may not be lost in the turmoil of the Great March, to the thunderous steps of which the world's heart is wildly beating. Home! It is earth's heaven! The flowers that grow within garret walls prove it; the wondering ecstasy that fills the mother's breast as she looks upon the face of her first-born, the quiet ministering to those we love, the unselfishness, the devotion, the tender word, the act of charity, the self-sacrifice that finds creation there, prove it; the prayers that are said as we kneel by the bedside before committing our bodies to sleep, the little hands folded in worship, the lisping words of praise and of thanks to God that come from children's lips, the teaching of those words by the happy mother, so that her child may grow up good, prove it. No lot in life is too lowly for this earth's heaven. No lot in life is too lowly for the pure enjoyment of Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses.

I wish you, dear readers and friends, no better lot than this. May Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses often be your fare, and may it leave as sweet a taste in your mouth as it has left in mine!

PART I.

COME AND SHOW YOUR FACE LIKE A MAN!

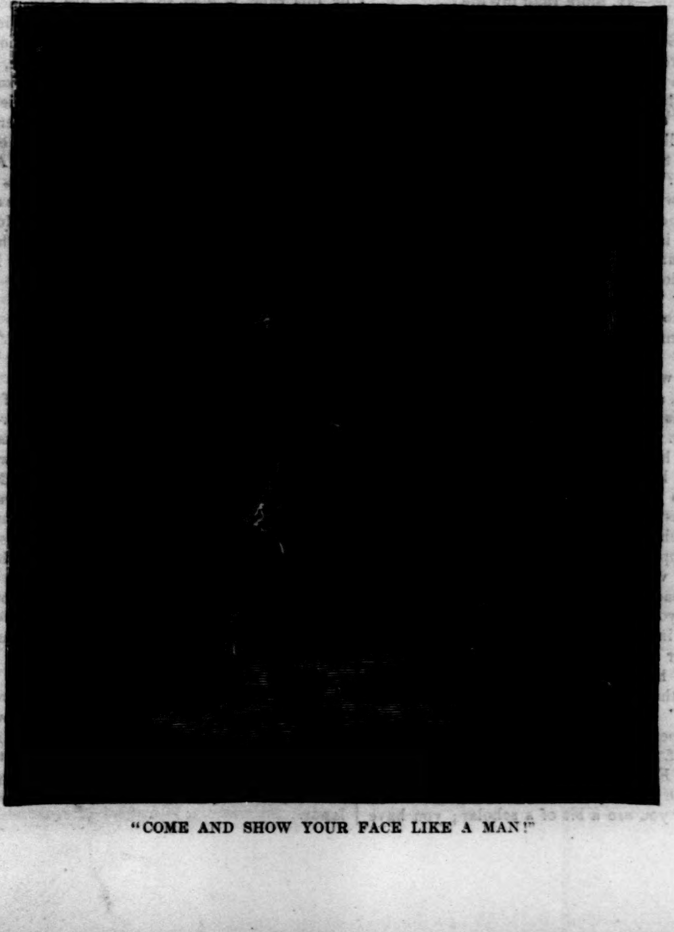
IF I were asked to point to a space of ground which of all other spaces in the world most truly represents the good and bad, the high and low of humanity, I should unhesitatingly describe a circle of a mile around Westminster Abbey. Within that space is contained all that ennobles life, and all that debases it; and within that space, at the same moment, the lofty aspiration of the statesman pulses in the great Senate House in unison with the degraded desires of the inhabitant of Old Pye Street. There St. Giles and St. James elbow each other. There may be seen, in one swift comprehensive glance, all the beauty and ugliness of life, all its hope and hopelessness, all its vanity and modesty, all its knowledge and ignorance, all its piety and profanity, all its fragrance and foulness. The wisdom of ages, the nobility that sprung from fortunate circumstance or from brave endeavor, the sublime lessons that lie in faith and heroism, sanctify the solemn aisles of the grand old Abbey. Within its sacred cloisters rest the ashes of the great: outside its walls, brushing them with his ragged garments, skulks the thief—and worse.

But not with these contrasts, nor with any lesson that they may teach, have you and I to deal now. Our attention is fixed upon the striking of eight o'clock by the sonorous tongue of Westminster. And not our attention alone—for many of the friends with whom we shall presently shake hands are listening also; so that we find ourselves suddenly plunged into very various company. Ben Sparrow, the old grocer, who, just as One tolls, is weighing out a quarter of a pound of brown sugar for a young urchin without a cap, inclines his head and listens, for all the world as if he *were* a sparrow, so bird-like is the movement: Bessie Sparrow, his granddaughter, who, having put Tottie to bed, is coming down stairs in the dark (she has left the candle in the wash-hand basin in Tottie's room, for Tottie can not go to sleep without a light), stops and counts from One to Eight, and thinks the while, with eyes that have tears in them, of Somebody who at the same moment is thinking of her: Tottie, with one acid-drop very nearly at the point of dissolution in her mouth, and with another perspiring in her hand, lies in bed and listens, and forgets to suck until the sound dies quite away: a patient-looking woman, pausing in the contemplation of a great crisis in her life, seeks to find in the tolling of the bell some assurance of a happy result: James Million, Member of Parliament, whose name, as he is a very rich man, may be said to be multitudinous, listens also as he rolls by in his cab; and as his cab passes the end of the street in which Mrs. Naldret resides, that worthy woman, who is standing on a chair before an open cupboard, follows the sound, with the table-cloth in her hand, and mutely counts One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight, the last number being accompanied by a resigned sigh, as if Eight were the end of all things.

The room in which Mrs. Naldret is standing is poor and comfortable; a cheerful fire is burning, and the kettle is making up its mind to begin to sing. An old black cat is lazily blinking her eyes at the little jets of gas that thrust their forked tongues from between the bars of the stove. This cat is lying on a faded hearth-rug, in which once upon a time a rampant lion reigned in brilliant colors; and she is not at all disturbed by the thought that a cat lying full-length upon a lion, with his tongue hanging out, is an anomaly in nature, and a parody in art. There is certainly some excuse for her in the circumstance that the lion is very old, and is almost entirely rubbed out.

Mrs. Naldret steps from the chair with the table-cloth in her hand, and in one clever shake, and with as nimble a movement as any wizard could have made, shakes it open. As it forms a balloon over the table, she assists it to expel the wind, and to settle down comfortably—being herself of a comfortable turn of mind—and smoothes the creases with her palms, until the cloth fits the table like wax. Then she sets the tea-things, scalds the tea-pot, and begins to cut the bread and to butter it. She cuts the bread very thick, and butters it very thin. Butter is like fine gold to poor people.

"I don't remember," she says, pausing to make the reflection, with the knife in the middle of the loaf, "its being so cold for a long


"COME AND SHOW YOUR FACE LIKE A MAN!"

time. To be sure, we're in December, and it 'll be Christmas in three weeks. Christmas!" she repeats, with a sigh, "and George 'll not be here. He'll be on the sea—on the stormy ocean. It 'll be a heavy Christmas to us. But there! perhaps it's all for the best; though how George got the idea of emigrating into his head, I can't tell; it seemed to come all of a sudden like. The house won't seem like the same when he's away." For comfort her thoughts turn in another direction—toward her husband. "I wish father was home, though it isn't quite his time—and he's pretty punctual, is father." She goes to the window, and peeps at the sky through a chink in the shutters. "It looks as if it was going to snow. What a bright clear night it is, but how cold! It's freezing hard!" Turning, she looks at the fire, and at the cozy room, gratefully. "Thank God, we've got a fire, and a roof to cover us! God help those who haven't! There are a many of 'em, poor creatures, and times are hard." She turns again to the window, to take another peep at the sky through the shutters, and finds the light shut out. "There's some one looking into the room!" she exclaims, retreating hastily out of view. "It can't be Jim—he's never done such a thing. He's only too glad to get in-doors such nights as this. And it can't be George. And there's the lock of the street-door broken—no more use than a tea-pot with a hole in the bottom." Being a woman of courage, Mrs. Naldret runs into the passage, and opens the street-door. "Who's there?" she cries, looking into the street, and shivering, as the cold wind blows into her face. "Who's there? Don't sneak away like that, but come and show your face like a man!"

The man pauses at the challenge, stands irresolute for a moment or two, then walks slowly back to the window, with hanging head.

"Show my face like a man!" he repeats, sadly, bitterly, and with a world of self-reproach in his tone. "There's not much of that stuff left in me, Mrs. Naldret."

"Good Lord!" she exclaims, as he stands before her like a criminal. "It's Saul Fielding!"

"Yes," he replies. "It's Saul Fielding, God help him!"

"Why can't Saul Fielding help himself?" she retorts, half angrily, half pityingly. "There was stuff enough in him once—at all events, I thought so."

"Show me the way!" he cries; but lowers his tone instantly, and says, humbly, "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Naldret, for speaking in that manner. It's ungrateful of me to speak like that to any of George's friends, and least of all to his mother, that George loves like the apple of his eye."

"So he does, dear lad," says the grateful woman, "and it does my heart good to hear you say so. But you've nothing to be grateful to me for, Saul. I've never done you any good; it's never been in my power."

"Yes, you have, and it has been in your power, Mrs. Naldret. Why, it was only last week that you offered me—"

"What you wouldn't take," she interrupts, hastily; "so you don't know if I meant it. Let be! Let be!"

"—That you offered me food," he continues, steadily. "But it's like you and yours to make light of it. You've never done me any good! Why, you're George's mother, and you brought him into the world! And I owe him more than my life—ay, more than my life!"

"I know the friendship there was between you and George," she says, setting the strength of his words to that account, "and that George loved you like a brother. More's the pity, because of that, that you are as you are."

"It is so," he assents, meekly; "but the milk's spilled; I can't pick it up again."

"Saul, Saul! you talk like a woman!"

"Do I?" he asks, tenderly, and looking into her face with respect and esteem in his eyes. "Then there's some good left in me. I know one who is stronger than I am, better, wiser, than a hundred such as I—and I showed my appreciation of her goodness and her worth by doing her wrong. Show my face like a man! I ought to hide it, as the moles do, and show my contempt for myself by flying from the sight of men!"

Filled with compassion, she turns her face from him, so that she may not witness his grief.

"She is the noblest, the best of women!" he continues. "In the face of God, I say it. Standing here, with His light shining upon me, with His keen wind piercing me to my bones (but it is just!), I bow to her, although I see her not, as the nearest approach to perfect goodness which it has ever been my happiness and my unhappiness to come in contact with. Ay! although virtue, as humanly exercised, would turn its back upon her."

"Are you blaming the world, Saul Fielding," she asks, in a tone that has a touch of sternness in it, "for a fault which is all your own?"

"No," he answers; "I am justifying Jane. *I* blame the world! A pretty object I, to turn accuser!"

He appeals to his rags, in scorn of them and of himself.

"Saul Fielding," she says, after a pause, during which she feels nothing but ruth for his misery, "you are a bit of a scholar; you have gifts that others could turn to account, if they had them. Before you—you—"

"Went wrong," he adds, as she hesitates. "I know what you want to say. Go on, Mrs. Naldret. *Your* words don't hurt me."

"Before that time, George used to come home full of admiration for you and your gifts. He said that you were the best-read man in all the trade; and I'm sure, to hear you speak is proof enough of that. Well, let be, Saul; let the past die, and make up your mind, like a man, to do better in the future."

"Let the past die!" he repeats, as through the clouds that darken his mind rifts of human love shine, under the influence of which his voice grows indescribably soft and tender. "Let the past die! No, not for a world of worlds. Though it is filled with shame, I would not let it go. What are you looking for?"

"It's Jim's time—my husband's—for coming home," she says, a little anxiously, looking up the street. "He mightn't like—" But again she hesitates and stumbles over her words.

"To see you talking to me. He shall not. My eyes are better than his, and the moment I see him turn the corner of the street I will go."

"What were you looking through the shutters for?"

"I wanted to see if George was at home."

"And supposing he had been?"

"I should have waited in the street until he came out."

"Do you think Jim Naldret would like to see his son talking to Saul Fielding?"

"No, I don't suppose he would," he replies, quietly; "but for all that, I shall do George no harm. I would lay down my life to serve him. You don't know what binds me and George together. And he is going away soon—how soon, Mrs. Naldret?"

"In a very few days," she answers, with a sob in her throat.

"God speed him! Ask him to see me before he goes, will you, Mrs. Naldret?"

"Yes, I will, Saul; and thank you a thousand times for the good feeling you show to him."

"Tell him that I have joined the waits, and that he will hear my flute among them any night this week. I'll manage so that we don't go away from this neighborhood till he bids good-by to it."

"Joined the waits!" she exclaims. "Good Lord! Have you come to that?"

"That's pretty low, isn't it?" he says, with a light laugh, and with a dash of satire in his tone. "But then, you know—playing the flute—is one of my gifts (I learned it myself when I was a boy)—and it's the only thing I can get to do. Is there any tune you're very fond of, and would like to hear as you lie abed? If there is, we'll play it."

"If you could play a tune to keep George at home," says Mrs. Naldret, "that's the tune I'd like to hear."

"Your old Gospel of contentment, Mrs. Naldret," he remarks.

"I like to let well alone," she replies, with emphatic nods; "if you'd been content with that, years ago, instead of trying to stir men up—"

"I shouldn't be as I am now," he says, interrupting her; "you are right—you are right. Good-night, and God bless you!"

He shuffles off, without waiting for another word, blowing on his fingers, which are almost frozen. Mrs. Naldret, who is also cold enough by this time, is glad to get to her fireside to warm herself. Her thoughts follow Saul Fielding. "Poor fellow!" she muses. "I should like to have had him by the fire for a while, but Jim would have been angry. And, to be sure, it wouldn't be right, with the life he's been leading. But how well he talks, and how clever he is! What 'll be the end of him goodness only knows. He's made me feel quite soft. And how he loves George! That's what makes me like him. 'You don't know what binds me and George together,' he said. 'I would lay down my life to serve him,' he said. Well, there must be some good in a man who speaks like that'"

AND SO THE LAD GOES ON WITH HIS BESSIE AND HIS BESSIE, UNTIL ONE WOULD THINK HE HAS NEVER A MOTHER IN THE WORLD.

By an egregious oversight on the part of the architect, designer, or what not, the door of Mrs. Naldret's room turned into the passage, so that whenever it was opened the cold wind had free play, and made itself felt. Mrs. Naldret, bending before the fire to warm herself, does not hear the softest of raps on the panel, but is immediately afterward made sensible that somebody is coming into the room by a chill on the nape of her neck and down the small of her back, "enough to freeze one's marrow," she says. She knows the soft footfall, and, without turning, is aware that Bessie Sparrow is in the room.

"Come to the fire, my dear," she says.

Bessie kneels by her side, and the two women, matron and maid, look into the glowing flames, and see pictures there. Their thoughts being on the same subject, the pictures they see are of the same character—all relating to George, and ships, and wild seas, and strange lands.

"I dreamed of you and George last night," says Mrs. Naldret, taking Bessie's hand in hers. She likes the soft touch of Bessie's fingers; her own are hard, and full of knuckles. The liking for any thing that is soft is essentially womanly. "I dreamed that you were happily married, and we were all sitting by your fireside, as it might be now, and I was dancing a little one upon my knee."

"Oh, mother!" exclaims Bessie, hiding her face on Mrs. Naldret's neck.

"I told father my dream before breakfast this morning, so it's sure to come true. The little fellow was on my knee as naked as ever it was born, a-cocking out its little legs and drawing of them up again, like a young Samson. Many a time I've had George on my knee like that, and he used to double up his fists as if he wanted to fight all the world at once. George was the finest babby I ever *did* see; he walked at nine months. He's been a good son, and 'll make a good husband; and he's as genuine as salt, though I say it perhaps as shouldn't, being his mother. Is your grandfather coming in to-night, Bess?"

"I don't think it. He's busy getting ready a Christmas show for the window; he wants to make it look very gay, to attract business. Grandfather's dreadfully worried because business is so bad. People are not laying out as much money as they used to do."

"Money don't buy what it used to do, Bess; things are dearer, and money's the same. Father isn't earning a shilling more to-day than he earned ten years ago, and meat's gone up, and rent's gone up, and plenty of other things have gone up. But we've got to be contented, my dear, and make the best of things. If George could get enough work at home to keep him going, do you suppose he'd ever ha' thought of going to the other end of the world?" She asks this question, with a shrewd, watchful look into Bessie's face, which the girl does not see, her eyes being toward the fire, and adds, immediately, "Although he's not going for long, thank God."

"It is very, very hard," sighs Bessie, "that he should have to go."

"It would be harder, my dear, for him to remain here doing nothing. There's nothing that does a man—or a woman either, Bess—so much mischief as idleness. My old mother used to say that when a man's idle, he's worshiping the devil. You know very well, Bess, that I'm all for contentment. One can make a little do if one's mind is made up for it—just as one can find a great deal not enough if one's mind is set that way. For my part, I think that life's too short to worrit your inside out, a-wishing for this, and a-longing for that, and a-sighing for t'other. When George began to talk of going abroad, I said to him, 'Home's home, George, and you can be happy on bread-and-cheese and kisses, supposing you can't get better.' 'Very well, mother,' said George, 'I'm satisfied with that. But come,' said he, in his coaxing way—*you* know, Bessie—'but come, you say home's home, and you're right, mammy.' (He always calls me mammy when he's going to get the best of me with his tongue—he knows, the cunning lad, that it reminds me of the time when he was a babby!) 'You're right, mammy,' he said; 'but I love Bess, and I want to marry her. I want to have her all to myself,' he said. 'I'm not happy when I'm away from her,' he said. 'I want to see her a-setting by *my* fireside,' he said. 'I don't want to be standing at the street-door a-saying good-night to her' (what a long time it takes a-saying! don't it, Bess? Ah, I remember!)—'a-saying good-night to her, with my arm round her waist, and my heart so full of love for her that I can hardly speak' (his very words, my dear!), 'and then, just as I'm feeling happy and forgetting every thing else in the world, to hear grandfather's voice piping out from the room behind the shop, "Don't you think it's time to go home, George? Don't you think that it's time for Bessie to be abed?" And I don't want,' said George, 'when I answer, in a shamefaced way, "All right, grandfather; just five minutes more!" to hear his voice, in less than half a minute, waking me out of a happy dream, calling out, "Time's up, George! Don't you think you ought to go home, George? Don't you think Bessie's tired, George?"' 'That's all well and good,' said I to him; 'but what's that to do with going abroad?' 'Oh, mammy,' he said, 'when I marry Bessie, don't I want to give her a decent bed to lie upon? Ain't I bound to get a bit of furniture together?' Well, well; and so the lad goes on with his Bessie and his Bessie, until one would think he has never a mother in the world."

There is not a spice of jealousy in her tone as she says this, although she pretends to pout, for the arm that is around Bessie tightens on the girl's waist, and the mother's lips touch the girl's face lovingly. All that Mrs. Naldret has said is honey to Bessie, and the girl drinks it in, and enjoys it, as bright fresh youth only can enjoy.

"So," continues Mrs. Naldret, pursuing her story, "when George comes home very down in the mouth, as he does a little while ago, and says that trade's slack, and he don't see how he's to get the bit of furniture together that he's bound to have when he's married, I knew what was coming. And as he's got the opportunity—and a passage free, thanks to Mr. Million" (here Mrs. Naldret looks again at Bessie in the same watchful manner as before, and Bessie, in whose eyes the tears are gathering, and upon whose face the soft glow of the fire-light is reflected, again does not observe it)—"I can't blame him; though, mind you, my dear, if he could earn what he wants here, I'd be the last to give him a word of encouragement. But he can't earn it here, he says; times are too bad. He can't get enough work here, he says; there's too little to do, and too many workmen to do it. So he's going abroad to get it, and good luck go with him and come back with him! Say that, my dear."

"Good luck go with him," repeats Bessie, unable to keep back her tears, "and come back with him!"

"That's right. And as George has made up his mind and can't turn back now, we must put strength into him, whether he's right or whether he's wrong. So dry your eyes, my girl, and send him away with a light heart instead of a heavy one. Don't you know that wet things are always heavier to carry than dry? George has got to fight with the world, you see; and if a young fellow stands up to fight with the tears running down his cheeks, he's bound to get the worst of it. But if he says, 'Come on!' with a cheerful heart and a smiling face, he stands a good chance of winning—as George will, you see if he don't!"

"You dear good mother!" and Bessie kisses Mrs. Naldret's neck again and again.

"Now, then," says Mrs. Naldret, rising from before the fire, "go and wash your eyes with cold water, my dear. Go into George's room. Lord forgive me!" she soliloquizes when Bessie has gone, "I'd give my fingers for George not to go. But what's the use of fretting and worriting one's life away, now that he's made up his mind? I shall be glad when they are married, though I doubt she doesn't love George as well as George loves her. But it 'll come; it 'll come. Times are different now to what they were, and girls are different. A little more fond of dress and pleasure and fine ways. She was very tender just now—she feels it, now that George is really going. It would be better for her if he was to stay; but George is right about the times being hard. Ah, well! it ain't many of us as gets our bread well buttered in this part of the world! But there! I've tasted sweet bread without a bit of butter on it many and many a time!"

YOU WORE ROSES THEN, MOTHER.

Having made this reflection, Mrs. Naldret thinks of her husband again, and wonders what makes him so late to-night. But in a few moments she hears a stamping in the passage. "That's Jim," she thinks, with a light in her eyes. A rough, comely man, with no hair on his face but a bit of English whisker of a light sandy color in keeping with his skin, which is of a light sandy color also. Head well shaped, slightly bald, especially on one side, where the hair has been worn away by the friction of his two-foot rule. When Jim Naldret makes a purse of his lips, and rubs the side of his head with his rule, his mates know that he is in earnest. And he is very often in earnest.

"It's mortal cold, mother," he says, almost before he enters.

"There's a nice fire, father," replies Mrs. Naldret, cheerfully, "that 'll soon warm you."

"I don't know about that," he returns, with the handle of the door in his hand. "Now look here—*did* you ever see such a door as this? Opens bang into the passage."

"You're always grumbling about the door, father."

"Well, if I like it, it doesn't do any one any harm, does it? The architect was a born fool, that's what he was."

To support his assertion that the architect was a born fool, Jim Naldret thinks it necessary to make a martyr of himself; so he stands in the draught, and shivers demonstratively as the cold wind blows upon him.

"Never mind the door, Jim," says Mrs. Naldret, coaxingly. "Come and wash your hands."

"But I shall mind the door!" exclaims Jim Naldret, who is endowed with a large organ of combativeness, and never can be induced to shirk an argument. "The architect he made this door for warm weather. Then it's all very well. But in this weather it's a mistake, that's what it is. Directly you open it comes a blast cold enough to freeze one. I ain't swearing, mother, because I say blast."

This small pleasantry restores his equanimity, and he repeats it with approving nods; but it produces little effect upon his wife, who says,

"*Will* you wash your hands and face, father, instead of maudlin?"

"All right, all right, mother! Bring the basin in here, and I'll soon sluice myself."

Mrs. Naldret, going to their bedroom, which is at the back of the parlor, to get the soap and water, calls out softly from that sanctuary,

"Bessie's here, father."

"Ah," he says, rubbing his knuckles before the fire. "Where is she?"

"Up stairs in George's room. She'll be down presently. She's pretty low in spirits, father."

"I suppose you've been having a cry togeth-

er, mother." By this time Mrs. Naldret has brought in a basin of water and a towel, which she places on a wooden chair. "I dare say George 'll pipe his eye a bit too, when he says good-by to some of his mates. Ugh! the water *is* cold!"

"George pipe his eye! Not him! He's a man, is George—not one of your crying sort."

"I don't know about that," gasps Jim Naldret; "a man may be crying, although you don't see the tears running down his face. Ugh!"

There was something apposite to his own condition in this remark, for Jim's eyes were smarting and watering in consequence of the soap getting into them.

"That's true, Jim. Many a one's heart cries when the eyes are dry."

"I can't get over Mr. Million getting that passage ticket for George. I can't get over it, mother. It's bothered me ever so much."

"Well, it's only steerage, Jim, and you can't say that it wasn't kind of Mr. Million."

"I don't know so much about that, mother."

"Do you know, Jim," says Mrs. Naldret, after a pause, during which both seem to be thinking of something that they deem it not prudent or wise to speak about, "that I've sometimes fancied—" Here the old black cat rubs itself against her ankles, and she stoops to fondle it, which perhaps is the reason why she does not complete the sentence.

"Fancied what, mother?"

"That young Mr. Million was fond of Bessie."

"I shouldn't wonder," he replies, with a cough. "Who wouldn't be?"

"Yes; but not in that way."

"Not in what way, mother?"

"You drive me out of all patience, Jim. As if you couldn't understand—but you men are *so* blind!"

"And you women are *so* knowing!" retorts Jim Naldret, in a tone made slightly acid, because he is groping about for the towel, and can not find it. "Where *is* the towel, mother? That's Bessie's step, I know. Come and kiss me, my girl."

"There!" exclaims Bessie, who has just entered the room, standing before him with an air of comical remonstrance, with patches of soap-suds on her nose and face, "you've made my face all wet."

"Father never *will* wash the soap off his skin before he dries it," says Mrs. Naldret, wiping Bessie's face with her apron.

"Never mind, Bessie," says Mr. Naldret, rubbing himself hot; "your face 'll stand it better than some I've seen. I can't wash the color out of your cheeks."

Bessie laughs, and asks him how does he know, and says there is a sort of paint that women use that defies water. While Mrs. Naldret tells him not to be satirical, remarking that all women have their little weaknesses.

"Weaknesses!" echoes Mr. Naldret, digging into the corners of his eyes viciously. "It's imposition, that's what it is!"

"You'll rub all the skin off your face, if you rub like that."

"It's a-playing a man false," continues Jim Naldret, not to be diverted from the subject, "that's what it is. It's a—"

"Is George coming home to tea, do you know, father?" asks Mrs. Naldret, endeavoring to stem the torrent.

"No; he told me we wasn't to wait for him. It's a-trading under false pretenses—"

"Not coming home to tea! And here I've been laying the table-cloth for him, because I know he enjoys his tea better when there's something white on the table. Mind you remember that, Bessie. There's nothing like studying a man's little ways, if you want to live happy with him."

"I wondered what the table-cloth was on for," remarks Jim Naldret; and then resumes with bull-dog tenacity, "It's a-trading under false pretenses, that's what it is! Little weaknesses! Why—"

"Now, father, will you come and have tea?"

"Now, mother, *will* you learn manners, and not interrupt? But I can have my tea and talk too."

Mrs. Naldret makes a great fuss in setting chairs, and a great clatter with the cups and saucers, but her wiles produce not the slightest effect on her husband, who seats himself and says,

"Well, this is my opinion, and I wouldn't mind a-telling of it to the Queen. What do girls look forward to naturally? Why, matrimony, to be sure—"

"Put another lump of sugar in father's cup, Bessie. He likes it sweet."

"Well," continues the irrepressible Jim, "looking forward to that, they ought to be honest and fair to the men, and not try to take them in by painting themselves up. It's a good many years ago that I fell in love with you, mother, and a bright-looking girl you was when you said Yes to me. You wore roses then, mother! But if, when I married you, I had found that the roses in your cheek came off with a damp towel, and that you hadn't any eyebrows to speak of except what you put on with a brush, and that what I saw of your skin before I married you was a deal whiter than what I saw of your skin after I married you—I'd—I'd—"

"What on earth would you have done, father?" asks Mrs. Naldret, laughing.

"I'd have had you up before the magistrate," replies Jim Naldret, with a look of sly humor. "I'd have had you fined, as sure as my name's Jim."

"That wouldn't have hurt me," says Mrs. Naldret, entering into the humor of the idea, and winking at Bessie; "my husband would have had to pay the fine."

Jim Naldret gives a great laugh at this conclusion of the argument, in appreciation of having been worsted by these last few pithy words, and says, with an admiring look at his wife,

"Well, let you women alone!"

Then, this subject being disposed of, and Jim Naldret having had his say, Mrs. Naldret asks if he has brought home the *Ha'penny Trumpet*.

"Yes," he answers, "here it is. A great comfort to the poor man are the ha'penny papers. He gets all the news of the day for a ha'penny—all the police courts—"

"Ah," interrupts Mrs. Naldret, "that's the sort of reading I like. Give me a newspaper with plenty of police-court cases."

But police-court cases have not the charm for Jim Naldret that they have for the women, with whom a trial for breach of promise is perhaps the most interesting reading in the world.

"There's a strike in the North among the colliers," says Jim. "The old hands are beating the new men, and setting fire to their houses."

"And turning," adds Mrs. Naldret, "the women and children into the streets, I dare say—the wretches!"

"I don't know so much about that, mother. Men are goaded sometimes, till they lose their heads. If a man puts my blood up, I hit him."

"You, father! You hurt any one!"

"I said I'd hit him—I didn't say I'd hurt him. I'd hit him soft, perhaps; but I'd be bound to hit him if he put my blood up."

"A strike's a wicked thing, father," is Mrs. Naldret's commentary.

"I don't know so much about that. There's a good deal to be said on both sides."

"There's Saul Fielding," says Mrs. Naldret; "getting up a strike was the ruin of him—and hurt a good many others, hurt 'em badly, as you know, Jim."

By this time the tea-things are cleared away, the hearth is swept up, and the fire is trimmed. The picture that is presented in this humble room is a very pleasant one; Bessie and Mrs. Naldret are doing needle-work more as a pastime than any thing else, and Jim is looking down the columns of the *Trumpet*.

"Saul Fielding went too far," says Jim; "and when he had dragged a lot of men into a mess, he deserted them and showed the white feather. I'm for my rights, and I'll stand up for them, but I'm not for violence nor unreasonable measures. Saul Fielding's fine speech misled a many, who swore by him, and would have followed him through thick and thin. He makes a speech one night that set the men on fire. I heard it myself, and I was all of a quiver; but when I was in the cold air by myself I got my reason back, and I saw that Saul Fielding was putting things in a wrong light. But other men didn't see it. Then what does he do? Deserts his colors the very next day, and leaves the men that he's misled in the lurch."

"He may have got in the air, as you did, Jim, and thought better of what he had said. He may have found out afterward that he was wrong."

"Not he! He had plenty of time to consider beforehand—seemed as if he had studied his speeches by heart—never stumbled over a word, as the others did, who were a deal honester than him—stumbled over 'em as if words was stones."

"Well, poor fellow, he suffered enough. From that day masters and men have been against him."

"He's made his bed and he must lay on it," says Jim Naldret; "and you know, mother, even if he could wipe that part of his life away, he's not fit company for honest men and women."

Jim Naldret feels inclined to say a great deal more on another subject about Saul Fielding, but as the subject which he would have ventilated is a delicate one, and refers to a woman who is not Saul Fielding's wife, he refrains because Bessie is present.

"Let Saul Fielding drop, mother."

Mrs. Naldret deems it wise to say no more about Saul, and allows a minute or so to elapse before she speaks again.

"Any thing in the paper, Jim, about that working-man that put up for Parliament?"

"He didn't get in."

Mrs. Naldret expresses her satisfaction at this result by saying that "it's a good job for his family, if he's got one."

"Why shouldn't a working-man be in Parliament, mother?" asks Jim Naldret.

"Because he can't be two things at once. If he fuddles away all his time at Parliament, he can't have time to work; and if he don't work for his living, he's not a working-man."

"He'd work with his tongue, mother."

"He'd better work with his hands," says Mrs. Naldret, emphatically, "and leave the tongue-work to his wife. She'd do it better, I'll be bound."

"I've no doubt she would," says Jim Naldret, with a chuckle. "But that working-man in Parliament question is a problem."

"Well, don't you bother your head about it—that's other people's business. My old mother used to say that every hen's got enough to do to look after its own chicks, and it clacks enough over that, goodness knows."

"But I'm not a hen, mother," remonstrates Jim; "I'm a cock, and I like to have a crow now and then."

"Well," exclaims Mrs. Naldret, stitching viciously, "crow on your own dunghill. Don't you go encroaching on other people's premises."

IF I DID NOT LOVE HER, I WOULD NOT GO AWAY.

THE entrance of George Naldret and young Mr. Million gives a new turn to the conversation, and to the aspect of affairs. George Naldret needs but a very few words of introduction. He is like his father was when his father was a young man. More comely-looking because of the difference in their ages, but his little bit of English whisker is after the same model as his father's, and his hair is also of a light sandy color. His head is well shaped, and he has contracted his father's habit of rubbing one side of it with his two-foot rule when he is in earnest. When he came into the world, his mother declared that he was as like his father as two peas, which statement, regarded from a purely grammatical point of view, involved a contradiction of ideas. But grammar stands for nothing with some. Poor folk who have received imperfect education are not given to hypercriticism. It is not what is said, but what is meant. George's father and his father's father had been carpenters before him, and as he has taken after them, he may be said to have become a carpenter by hereditary law. Mrs. Naldret was satisfied. To have a trade at one's finger ends, as she would have expressed it, is not a bad inheritance.

Young Mr. Million was named after his father, James, and was therefore called young Mr. Million, to prevent confusion. *His* father and his father's father had been brewers, or, more correctly speaking, in the brewing interest, before him, and he was supposed to take after them. There was this difference, however, between him and George Naldret. George Naldret was a thoroughly good carpenter, but it can not be said that young Mr. Million was a thoroughly good brewer. In point of fact, he was not a brewer at all, for he knew no more of the trade than I do. He knew a good glass of beer when he was drinking it, but he did not know how to make it, as George knew a good piece of carpentering work when it was before him; but then George could produce a similar piece of work himself. George took pride in his trade; young Mr. Million looked down upon his because it *was* a trade—he thought it ought to be a profession; although he and his were the last who should have thought unkindly of it, for from the profits of the family brewery a vast fortune had been accumulated. Estates had been bought; position in society had been bought; a seat in the House had been bought; perhaps, by-and-by, a title would be bought; for eminence deserves recognition. And a man can be eminent in so many different ways. One may be an eminent tea-dealer, or an eminent chiropodist, or an eminent dentist, if one's profits are large enough. The seat in the House was occupied at the present time by Mr. James Million, senior, whose chief business in the Senate appeared to be to look sharply after his own interests and those of his class, and to vote as he was bid upon those indifferent questions of public interest which did not affect the profits of his brewery, and which were not likely to lessen his income from it. For Mr. Million's brewery, being an old-established institution, had become a sacred "vested interest," which it was absolute sacrilege to touch or interfere with. And it is true that "vested interests" *are* ticklish questions to deal with; but it happens now and then, in the course of time, that what is a "vested interest" with the few (being fed and pampered until it has attained a monstrous growth) becomes a vested wrong to the many. Then the safety of society demands that something should be done to stop the monstrous growth from becoming more monstrous still. The name of Million was well known in the locality in which the Naldrets resided, for a great many of the beer-shops and public-houses in the streets round about were under the family thumb, so to speak, and it was more than the commercial lives of the proprietors were worth to supply any liquids but those that Million brewed to the thirsty souls who patronized them. And nice houses they were for a man to thrive upon—worthy steps upon the ladder of fame for a man to grow Eminent by!

Young Mr. Million was a handsome-looking fellow, with the best of clothes, and with plenty of money in his purse. Having no career marked out for him pending the time when he would have to step into his father's shoes, he made one for himself. He became a merchant in wild oats—a kind of merchandise which is popularly considered to be rather a creditable thing for young men to speculate in; and it was a proof of his industry that he was accumulating a large supply of the corn—having regard probably to its future value in the market. But in this respect he was emulated by many who deem it almost a point of honor to have their granaries well supplied with the commodity.

As the young men enter the room, Bessie's eyes brighten. She knows George's footsteps well, and has not recognized the other. George enters first, and he has drawn Bessie to him and kissed her, and she him, before she sees young Mr. Million. When she does see that heir to the family brewery, she gently releases herself from George's embrace, and stands a little aside, with a heightened color in her face. The action is perfectly natural, and just what a modest girl would do in the presence of a comparative stranger—as young Mr. Million must have been, necessarily, he being so high in the social scale, and she so low. The young gentleman, in the most affable manner, shakes hands all round, and gives them good-evening.

"Meeting George as I was strolling this way," he says, accepting the chair which Mrs. Naldret offers him, "and having something to say to him, I thought I might take advantage of his offer to step in and rest for a minute or so."

Had he told the exact truth, he would have confessed that he had no idea of coming into the house until he heard from old Ben Sparrow, at whose shop he had called, that Bessie was at Mrs. Naldret's, and that, meeting George afterward, he had walked with him to the door, and had accepted a casual invitation to walk in, given out of mere politeness, and almost as a matter of form.

"You have the *Trumpet* there, I see," continues young Mr. Million, addressing the master of the house; "is there any thing particular in it?"

"No, Sir," replies Jim, "nothing but the usual things—strikes, elections, and that like. There's always plenty stirring to fill a newspaper."

"That there is," says the young brewer; "I'm sorry to hear of the strikes spreading. They make things bad in every way."

"That they do, Sir," chimes in Mrs. Naldret; "let well alone, I say."

Young Mr. Million assents with a motion of his head. Perhaps he would have spoken if his attention had not been fixed upon Bessie, whom George has drawn within the circle of his arm.

"Women can't be expected," says Jim Naldret, with rather less politeness than he usually shows to his wife in company, "to understand the rights and wrongs of this sort of thing. It's only the horse in the shafts that feels the weight of the pull."

"Well," says young Mr. Million in a careless manner, "I'm no politician; I leave that to my father. So, without venturing an opinion in the presence of one who has studied these questions"—with a condescending nod to Jim Naldret—"I can't do better than side with Mrs. Naldret, and say with her, Let well alone."

With a graceful bow to that worthy creature, who receives it without gratitude, for it does not please her to find herself trapped into taking sides with a stranger, however much of a gentleman he may be, against her husband.

"Mr. Million came to tell me," says George, during the lull that follows, clearing his throat, "that the *Queen of the South* sails earlier than was expected. It goes out of the Mersey the day after to-morrow."

He does not look at any one of them as he says this, but they all, with the exception of young Mr. Million, turn their anxious eyes to George. The *Queen of the South* is the name of the ship in which George is to sail for the other end of the world.

"So soon!" exclaims Mrs. Naldret, with a motherly movement toward her son.

"So soon!" echoes Bessie, faintly, clinging closer to her lover.

And "Why not stop at home?" is on the mother's tongue. "Even now, why not stop at home, and be contented?" But she knows what George's answer would be, so she restrains her speech. "I want my Bessie," he would have answered, "and I want a home to bring her to. If I did not love her, I would not go away, but I would be content to work here as you have done all your lives, and live, as you have done, from hand to mouth."

To cheer them, young Mr. Million tells them the latest best news from the other side of the world—how cheaply a man could live; how much larger a workman's earnings were there than here; what a demand there was for skilled labor; and what chances there were for every man whose head was screwed on the right way.

"Suppose a man doesn't wish to work at his trade," he says, "and takes it into his head to make a venture for three or four months. There are the gold fields. All over New South Wales and New Zealand new gold fields are being discovered. They say that the natives of New Zealand are bringing in great lumps of gold from the north, and that the ground there has never been turned over, and is full of gold. Once in the colonies, it takes no time to get to these places; and even if a man is not fortunate enough to do well, he can come back to his trade. The experiment that occupies three or

"COME AND KISS ME, MY GIRL."

"HE HAS DRAWN BESSIE TO HIM AND KISSED HER."

four months in making is not a great slice out of a young man's life, and the prize that's likely to be gained is worth the venture. Then at these new places, supposing George does not care to run the risk that lies in gold-digging, but determines to stick to his trade, what better one can he have than that of a carpenter? Houses and shops must be built, and they must be built of wood. Who is to build them? Why, carpenters! Think of the scope there is for good workmen. Why, a carpenter must be almost a king in those places! If I hadn't been born into a fortune," he concludes, "I would give three cheers for Captain Cook, and be off without a day's delay."

When he bids them good-night, as he does presently, seeing that silence falls upon them and that they wish to be left alone, he does not leave a bad impression behind him. But although he has not addressed half a dozen words to the girl, he sees with his mind's eye Bessie's bright face, and no other, as he walks through the cold air. Now what on earth could a pretty girl like Bessie have to do with the stock of wild oats which young Mr. Million was so industriously collecting?

WITH THE DAWNING OF A NEW YEAR, BEGIN A NEW LIFE.

WHEN Saul Fielding left Mrs. Naldret he made his way through the narrow streets, shivering and stamping, until he came to a house, the lower portion of which was devoted to the sale of plum-and-pease-pudding, and food of that description. The side-door which led to the upper portion of the house was open, and Saul ascended the dark stairs until there were no more stairs to ascend, and entered a room, the low roof of which shelved in one part almost to the floor. A common lamp was alight, the flame being turned very low down, more, it is to be presumed, for the sake of economy than for safety, for there was nothing in the room of the slightest value. What little furniture there was was rickety and broken: two cane chairs, nearly bald; the few ragged pieces of cane that were left in the frames were tattered and of various lengths, and mournfully proclaimed, "See what we have come to!" while one of the chairs was so completely decrepit, that it had lost its backbone, and had so little life left in it, that it wheezed when sat upon; a turn-up bedstead, which made a miserable pretense of being something else; a deal table, which once could flap its wings, but could do so no longer; on the table two cups, which were not of a match, but this was really of the smallest consequence, for one was chipped and one was without a handle; and a metal tea-pot, the surface of which was so battered, that it might be likened to the face of a worn-out prize-fighter who had played second-best in a hundred fierce encounters. But, common and poor as was every thing in the room, every thing was as clean and tidy as orderly hands could make it.

Saul Fielding turned up the light of the lamp, and the lamp spat and spluttered in the operation, with a discontented air of being ill fed; this discontent was plainly expressed in the top of the wick, which was lurid and inflamed. There were signs in the room of a woman's care, and Saul Fielding sat down upon the wheezy chair, and waited with his head resting upon his hand. He had not long to wait; the sound of light steps running up the stairs caused him to rise and look toward the door.

"Jane!"

She nodded and kissed him, and asked him if he were hungry.

"No," he answered; "where have you been to?"

"Only on a little errand. Come, you *must* be hungry. You've had no tea, I know."

She took the remains of a loaf, and a yellow basin containing a little dripping, from a cupboard, and cut the bread and spread the dripping solicitously. Then she pressed him to eat.

"I shall have some with you," she said.

To please her, he forced himself to eat.

"It's very cold, Jane."

"Very, Saul."

She was a woman who once was very fair to look at, who was fair now, despite her poverty. She was not more than twenty-five years of age, but she looked older; there was no wedding-ring on her finger, and she was too poor for adornment of any kind about her person. There was beauty in her, however; the beauty that lies in resignation. And now, as Saul Fielding looked at her furtively, he noticed, with evident inward fear, a certain kind of sad resolution in her manner which tempered the signs of long suffering that dwelt in her face. He put his hand timidly upon her once, and said, in a troubled voice, "You have no flannel petticoat on, Jane."

"No, Saul," she answered, cheerfully; "I have pledged it."

An impressive silence followed. As the darkness that fell upon Egypt could be felt, so the silence that fell upon this room spoke—with bitter, brazen tongue.

"I have been out all the afternoon," she said, presently. "First I went to—you know where." Her soft voice faltered, and carried the meaning of the vague words to his sense.

"And saw her?" he asked, wistfully.

"Yes; she was playing on the door-step. She looked so beautiful! I—I kissed her!"

All the love that woman's heart can feel, all the tenderness of which woman's love is capable,

"THEN SHE PRESSED HIM TO EAT."

were expressed in the tone in which she uttered these simple words. She placed her fingers on her lips, and dwelt upon the memory of the kiss with tearful eyes, with heart that ached with excess of love.

"Did I tell you that last week I tried again to get work, Saul?"

"No," he said; "you failed!" As if he knew for certain with what result.

"Yes; I failed," she repeated, sadly.

"I ask myself sometimes if I am a man," exclaimed Saul, in contempt of himself spurning himself, as it were; "if I have any thing of a man's spirit left within me. Mrs. Naldret said something of that sort to me this very night—not unkindly, but with a good purpose. When I think of myself as I was many years ago, it seems to me that I am transformed. And the future! Good God! what lies in it for us?"

"I am a tie upon you, Saul."

"A tie upon me!" he said, in a tone of wonder. "Jane, you are my salvation! But for you I should have drifted into God knows what. You are at once my joy and my remorse."

He took from the mantel-shelf a broken piece of looking-glass, and gazed at the reflection of his face. A bold and handsome face, but with deeper lines in it than his years, which were not more than thirty-two or three, warranted. Strong passion and dissipation had left striking marks behind them, but his clear blue eyes were as yet undimmed, and shone with a lustre which denoted that there was vigor still in him. His mouth was large, and the lips were the most noticeable features in his face; they were the lips of one to whom eloquence came as a natural gift, firm, and tremulous when need be. The change that he saw in himself as he looked back to the time gone by gave point and bitterness to his next words.

"I was not like this once. When you first saw me, Jane, these marks and lines were wanting—they have come all too soon. But no one is to blame but I. I have brought it all on myself. On myself! On you!—you suffer with me, patiently, uncomplainingly. You have a greater load than I to bear; and you will not let me lighten it."

"I will not let you, Saul! I don't understand."

"Because every time I approach the subject I try to approach it by a different road."

"Ah, I know now," she said, softly.

"Jane, I ask you for the twentieth time." He held out his hands supplicatingly to her. "Let me do what I can to remove the shame from you. Let me do what I can to atone for my fault. As you love me, Jane, marry me!"

"As I love you, Saul, I refuse!"

He turned from her, and paced the room; she watched him with steady, loving eyes, and the signs of a sad, fixed resolution deepened in her face. "Come and sit by me, Saul."

He obeyed her, and she drew his head upon her breast and kissed his lips.

"There's no question—no doubt of the love between us, Saul?"

"None, Jane."

"If some chance were to part us this night, and I was never to look upon your face again—"

"Jane!"

—"And I was never to look upon your face again," she repeated, with a cheerful smile, "I should, if I lived to be an old woman, and you to be an old man, never for one moment doubt that you loved me through all the years."

"It is like you, Jane; your faith would not be misplaced."

"I know it, and I know that you would be to me the same—you would believe that no other man could hold the place in my heart that you have always held."

He took her in his arms, and said that she was his anchor; that as nothing on earth could shake her faith in him, so nothing on earth could shake his faith in her; after what she had said (although he knew it before, and would have staked his worthless life on it), could she still refuse to allow him to make her the only reparation it was in his power to make?

She waived the question for the present, and said, "We are at the lowest ebb, Saul."

"Ay," he answered.

"Then you must not speak of drifting," she said, tenderly; "we have drifted low enough. Remember, Saul," and she took his hand in hers, and looked into his eyes, "we have not ourselves alone to think of. There is another. It only needs resolution. Come—let us talk of it. Here there is no hope."

"There seems none, Jane; all heart has left me."

"Elsewhere things might be better for you."

"For us," he said, correcting her.

"What is better for you is better for me," she replied. "I heard to-day that George Naldret—"

"God bless him!"

"Amen! God bless him! I heard to-day that he was going away sooner than was expected."

"I heard so too, Jane; and I went round to Mrs. Naldret's to-night to see him if I could. But he had not come home."

"Saul," she said, hiding her face on his shoulder, and pressing him in her arms, as one might do who was about to lose what she loved best in this world, "we have suffered much together; our love for each other seems to keep us down."

"It is I—I only who am to blame. I com-

menced life badly, and went from bad to worse."

She placed her hand upon his lips, and stopped further self-accusation.

"It is a blessing for many," she said, "that those new lands have been discovered. A man can commence a new life there without being crushed by the misfortunes or faults of the past, if he be earnest enough to acquire strength. It might be a blessing to you."

"It might," he assented, "if you were with me."

"You, with your gifts, with your talent for many things, might do so well there. Saul, turn that lamp down; the light glares and hurts my eyes."

He turned down the lamp; the sullen wick flickered, once, twice, thrice, and the room was in darkness.

"Let it be, Saul; don't light it. I love to talk to you in the dark. It reminds me of a time—do you remember?"

Did he remember? There came to him, in the gloom of the mean room, the memory of the time, years ago, when he first told her that he loved her. In the few brief moments that followed, after the light had gone out, the entire scene was presented to him; every word that was uttered by him and by her came to him. It was in the dark that he had told her; it was in the dark that he vowed to be faithful to her, and she to him. It seemed as if it might have been yesterday, for he held her in his arms now, as he had held her then, and he felt her beating against his. But the misery of the present time was too pressing to forget for more than a brief space, and he raised his head from her breast, and faced the gleams of the clear bright cold night, as they shone through the garret window.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

ADMIRAL COLIGNY.

CATHERINE DE MEDICIS.

CHARLES IX.

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

The massacre of St. Bartholomew, on its three hundredth anniversary, is discussed anew by the London and Paris papers. M. Veuillot, the unscrupulous leader of the Jesuit faction, boldly denies that the Romish Church had any share in the massacre; the London *Times* and the Protestant press show that it both instigated and approved of it. The important facts are well authenticated. In August, 1572, the Protestant leaders of France were invited to Paris by the young king, Charles IX., and his mother, Catherine de Medicis, to attend the wedding of Henry of Navarre and Catherine's daughter Marguerite. The Catholics promised to their opponents peace and reconciliation. The wedding was celebrated on the 18th of August, beneath a pavilion richly adorned in front of the Church of Notre Dame. Henry, attended by the king and the two royal dukes, all dressed alike in yellow satin, covered with precious stones, and followed by a long array of princes and nobles attired in various colors, ascended the platform. The king led in his sister Marguerite, who was robed in violet velvet, embroidered with the lilies of France, and glittering with pearls and diamonds. Catherine de Medicis followed, surrounded by a fair, frail circle of maids of honor. A bright summer sun shone on the gay pageant and gleamed over the towers of Notre Dame. In the evening a grand entertainment was given at the Louvre; maskers and royal and noble revelers filled its wide saloons, and for several days afterward Paris was a scene of wild merriment and of feasts and tourneys, upon which the wiser Huguenots looked with grave disdain.

But the week which had opened with the wedding feast was to close in more than funereal gloom. On Friday Coligny was shot at by order of the young Duke of Guise, and was borne back to his inn wounded, although not mortally, amidst the rage of his Protestant companions and the secret joy of his foes. A sudden gloom now settled over the crowded city. The Protestants gathered around the bedside of their chief; the Catholics were prepared for the massacre. On Saturday night, or, rather, soon after the Sunday had begun, Catherine forced Charles IX., with terrible threats, at a memorable council in the Louvre, to give orders for the commencement of the dreadful scene. The Duke of Guise rushed to the murder of Coligny. The tocsin tolled. Suddenly the Catholics rose upon their victims; men, women, children, infants, were murdered in every street of Paris. Even the Louvre was filled with bloodshed, and a wounded Huguenot broke into the chamber of Marguerite, pursued by four assassins, threw his arms around the queen, and besought her to save his life. The remorseless Catholics assumed as their badge a white cross, and Salviati, the Pope's nuncio, wrote to his master exultingly that nothing was to be seen in the streets but white crosses. One man threw two little children into the Seine from a basket. An infant was dragged through the streets by a cord tied around its neck by a throng of Catholic children. A babe smiled in the face of the man who had seized it, and played with his beard; the monster stabbed the child, and with an oath threw it into the Seine. Such are the deeds which M. Veuillot and the London *Tablet* endeavor to palliate, and would describe as a not unmerited retribution upon the Huguenots; and in the famous picture in the Vatican Huguenot women are seen perishing with the men. Gregory, it is plain, knew all the horrors of the slaughter he celebrated.

For three days the massacre raged through the capital; it was extended to all the chief towns and cities of France. The Catholics every where murdered the Protestants; at Bordeaux the Jesuit Auger, a famous preacher, pronounced it a judgment from heaven; and when the news of the massacre reached Rome, the bells were rung, cannon fired, the Pope went in procession to give thanks for the extirpation of the Protestants, a medal was struck in commemoration of the joyful event, a picture was ordered for the Vatican, which still exists, depicting all the horrors of the dreadful scene.

Thus through all France the Catholics strove to murder all Protestants, with such accessory outrages as scarcely savages would have devised. *Le Tocsin*, a contemporary account, and many other narratives, agree in all the painful details. The Huguenots were chiefly of the laboring class, industrious, honest, and progressive. The Catholics robbed their factories and their houses; and from the massacre of St. Bartholomew began the ruin of France. (See Alberi, *Vita Cath. de Med.*, p. 147.) The Romish Church checked forever the progress of industry, honesty, and of reform.

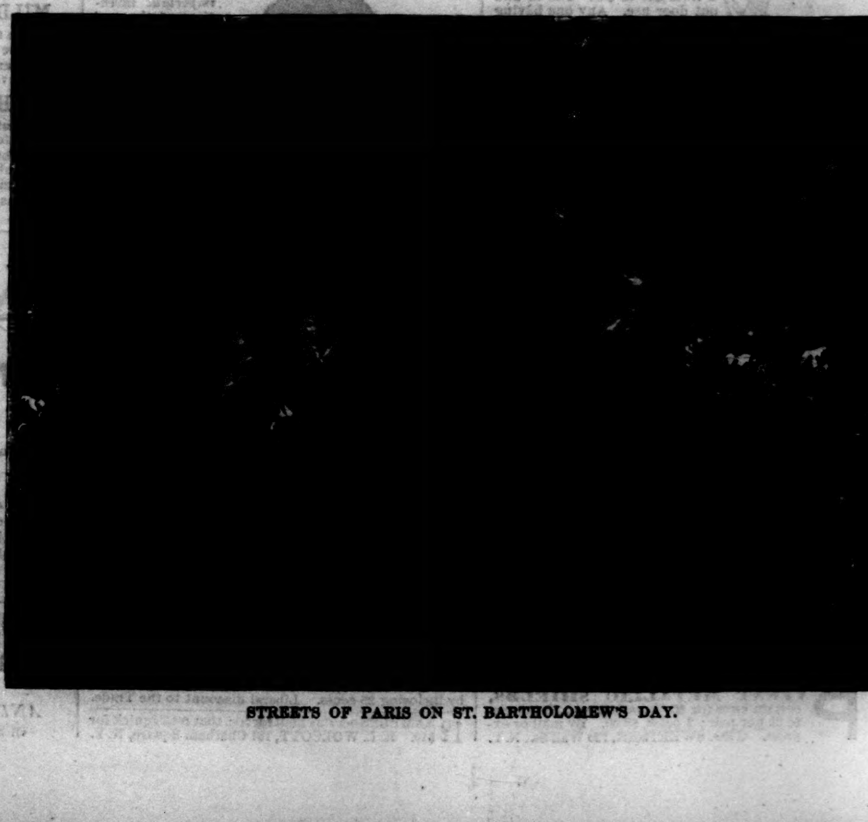
M. Veuillot and the London *Tablet* assert that the massacre was the act of a political party, and that the Huguenots deserved their fate. It was a band of miscreants, they exclaim, murdering another band of miscreants. They assert that the Pope was deceived by a false account sent him by Catherine de Medicis, and that the bells, the medal, the picture of Vasari, were all the results of a papal mistake. To this it may be replied that the Romish Church has never corrected its error; that Pius V., in 1569, urged Catherine to extirpate the Huguenots; that none but Catholics were engaged in the massacre, and none but Protestants suffered; and that all the attending circumstances concur to prove that it was premeditated. Even if the popes did not fix the day for the reign of bloodshed, they at least had taught the Romish Church the horrible doctrines that led to it. The wisest course for Romish controversialists would be to admit their guilt, to promise that their Church will never again instigate wars and massacres, and to so educate their people that they will cease to be every where the terror of the honest and the industrious.

Since this fatal event—so powerful is the effect of one example—Paris has become noted among cities for rare cruelty and frequent massacres. The murderous spirit inculcated upon its people by popes and priests has ripened into the enormities of the dragonnades, the persecutions inflicted by the Jesuits, the horrors of the Temple and the Reign of Terror, the strange excesses of the modern Commune. No other city has been guilty of such barbarism and such madness. A curse has rested for three centuries on the splendid capital; and it may be hoped that its people will yet learn that humility and that penitence which can alone expiate so dreadful a crime as the massacre of the Protestants.

The Roman Catholic papers labor to show that Protestantism has been guilty of enormities equal to those of Romanism, and the London *Tablet* sets off against the massacre of St. Bartholomew the judicial murders of "the Popish Plot," or the slaughter at Drogheda; and some historians are willing to admit the plea. But the difference between Protestant and Romish persecution is almost infinite both in quantity and in kind. It was the Romish theory—the principle of the lowest grade of civilization—that the heretic was a species of noxious reptile who should be removed at once from the earth. Popes and priests meditated upon this notion until they had invented the Crusades and the Inquisition, Jesuitism and unending slaughter. They taught every where death to the heretic. They purged Italy and Spain of every trace of dissent by a series of massacres to which even that of St. Bartholomew might seem tolerant. They strove in vain to extirpate Protestantism in Germany by a new crusade. They covered France with bloodshed and crime, and they have borne the bitter taint of their barbarous principle to America, to China, Abyssinia, and Japan. Linked by this strange mental aberration to the beasts of prey or to the savage of Africa and Borneo, the papal leaders for three centuries have never wavered in their claim that their Church has the supreme right to punish the heretic.

The Protestants, on the other hand, never sought the death of all Catholics. They represented a new and higher grade of civilization. They suffered Catholics to live unharmed in England and Scotland, in Germany and France. Holland invented universal toleration, and Henry IV. proclaimed the edict of Nantes. Toleration was a Protestant theory, springing up naturally from the imperfect notions of Luther and Calvin; and hence in England, Scotland, Germany, and Holland Catholics might live unharmed and unnoticed, while the Inquisition was seeking out its victims in all papal countries, and while the Huguenots were massacred in Paris, and the Vaudois tortured by the Jesuits. Hence, too, the press in Europe and America on the anniversary of the day of St. Bartholomew probably speaks the common feeling of all Christian men when it asks from the head of the papal Church an open renunciation of the right asserted by his predecessors of punishing heresy with death, and a plain profession of the doctrine of toleration.

At Rome, the central source from which Roman Catholic thought is diffused by obedient bishops throughout Europe and America, the Inquisition ruled as late as the autumn of 1870, and Dominicans and Jesuits still imprisoned Armenian prelates or threatened Döllinger and Friedrich. The Vatican Council strenuously asserted the right of persecution. The Pope is still the supreme inquisitor. The Dominican Father Burke might well add to his course of lectures an essay upon the Inquisition. The Holy Office is the especial province of the Dominicans. They claim that Dominic founded it amidst the horrors of the Albigensian crusades. Dominicans have presided at every auto-da-fe. Dominicans invented the curious and ingenious tortures that were employed in the fearful palaces of the Inquisition. Nor could any one describe so well from authentic records the pains of the dying heretic as a member of the order of Dominic.



STREETS OF PARIS ON ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.

BEING RICH.

Charming as it sounds, set forth in the Declaration of American Independence, that all men are born free and equal, there is no equality between the rich and the poor. It is no fiction to assert that riches do not bring happiness. Usually the rich have more vexations and less serenity of mind than those who have nothing. The acquirement and the keeping of property, whether in cash, precious stones, five-twenty bonds, or city lots, demand incessant supervision, or they may take wing and fly away; and thus anxiety

is a mental friction which wears upon life more rapidly than poverty. A hope of bettering our condition is an animating physical stimulus, conducive to health and longevity, when associated with honest industry. There is a form of wealth that weighs down the owner in misery, while there is a form of poverty which opens to view the felicities of heaven.

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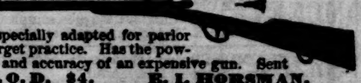

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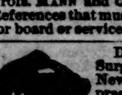

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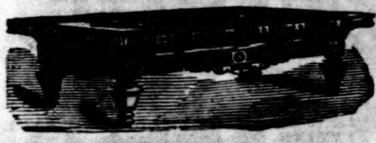

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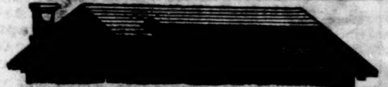

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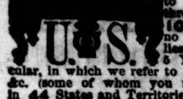

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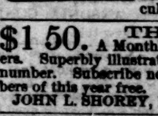

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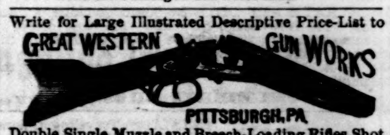

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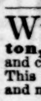

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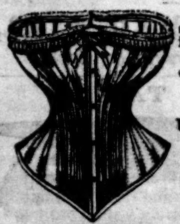

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result was that he said, with some of the old emotion in his tone,

"Now we have been united, Rosy, you should not leave me to myself in the first trouble that has come."

"Certainly not," said Rosamond; "I shall do every thing it becomes me to do."

"It is not right that the thing should be left to servants, or that I should have to speak to them about it. And I shall be obliged to go out—I don't know how early. I understand your shrinking from the humiliation of these money affairs. But, my dear Rosamond, as a question of pride, which I feel just as much as you can, it is surely better to manage the thing ourselves, and let the servants see as little of it as possible; and since you are my wife, there is no hindering your share in my disgraces—if there were disgraces."

Rosamond did not answer immediately, but at last she said, "Very well, I will stay at home."

"I shall not touch these jewels, Rosy. Take them away again. But I will write out a list of plate that we may return, and that can be packed up and sent at once."

"The servants will know *that*," said Rosamond, with the slightest touch of sarcasm.

"Well, we must meet some disagreeables as necessities. Where is the ink, I wonder?" said Lydgate, rising, and throwing the account on the larger table where he meant to write.

Rosamond went to reach the inkstand, and after setting it on the table was going to turn away, when Lydgate, who was standing close by, put his arm round her and drew her toward him, saying,

"Come, darling, let us make the best of things. It will only be for a time, I hope, that we shall have to be stingy and particular. Kiss me."

His native warm-heartedness took a great deal of quenching, and it is a part of manliness for a husband to feel keenly the fact that an inexperienced girl has got into trouble by marrying him. She received his kiss and returned it faintly, and in this way an appearance of accord was recovered for the time. But Lydgate could not help looking forward with dread to the inevitable future discussions about expenditure and the necessity for a complete change in their way of living.

CHAPTER LIX.

"They said of old the Soul had human shape,
But smaller, subtler than the fleshly self,
So wandered forth for airing when it pleased.
And see! beside her cherub-face there floats
A pale-lipped form aerial whispering
Its promptings in that little shell her ear."

NEWS is often dispersed as thoughtlessly and effectively as that pollen which the bees carry off (having no idea how powdery they are) when they are buzzing in search of their particular nectar. This fine comparison has reference to Fred Vincy, who on that evening at Lowick Parsonage heard a lively discussion among the ladies on the news which their old servant had got from Tantripp concerning Mr. Casaubon's strange mention of Mr. Ladislaw in a codicil to his will made not long before his death. Miss Winifred was astounded to find that her brother had known the fact before, and observed that Camden was the most wonderful man for knowing things and not telling them; whereupon Mary Garth said that the codicil had perhaps got mixed up with the habits of spiders, which Miss Winifred never would listen to. Mrs. Farebrother considered that the news had something to do with their having only once seen Mr. Ladislaw at Lowick, and Miss Noble made many small compassionate mewings.

Fred knew little and cared less about Ladislaw and the Casaubons, and his mind never recurred to that discussion till one day calling on Rosamond at his mother's request to deliver a message as he passed, he happened to see Ladislaw going away. Fred and Rosamond had little to say to each other now that marriage had removed her from collision with the unpleasantness of brothers, and especially now that he had taken what she held the stupid and even reprehensible step of giving up the Church to take to such a business as Mr. Garth's. Hence Fred talked by preference of what he considered indifferent news, and "*à propos* of that young Ladislaw" mentioned what he had heard at Lowick Parsonage.

Now Lydgate, like Mr. Farebrother, knew a great deal more than he told, and when he had once been set thinking about the relation between Will and Dorothea his conjectures had gone beyond the fact. He imagined that there was a passionate attachment on both sides, and this struck him as much too serious to gossip about. He remembered Will's irritability when he had mentioned Mrs. Casaubon, and was the more circumspect. On the whole his surmises, in addition to what he knew of the fact, increased his friendliness and tolerance toward Ladislaw, and made him understand the vacillation which kept him at Middlemarch after he had said that he should go away. It was significant of the separateness between Lydgate's mind and Rosamond's that he had no impulse to speak to her on the subject; indeed, he did not quite trust her reticence toward Will. And he was right there; though he had no vision of the way in which her mind would act in urging her to speak.

When she repeated Fred's news to Lydgate, he said, "Take care you don't drop the faintest hint to Ladislaw, Rosy. He is likely to fly out as if you insulted him. Of course it is a painful affair."

Rosamond turned her neck and patted her hair, looking the image of placid indifference. But the next time Will came when Lydgate was away, she spoke archly about his not going to London as he had threatened.

"I know all about it. I have a confidential little bird," said she, showing very pretty airs of her head over the bit of work held high between her active fingers. "There is a powerful magnet in this neighborhood."

"To be sure there is. Nobody knows that better than you," said Will, with light gallantry, but inwardly prepared to be angry.

"It is really the most charming romance: Mr. Casaubon jealous, and foreseeing that there was no one else whom Mrs. Casaubon would so much like to marry, and no one who would so much like to marry her as a certain gentleman; and then laying a plan to spoil all by making her forfeit her property if she did marry that gentleman—and then—and then—and then—oh, I have no doubt the end will be thoroughly romantic."

"Great God! what do you mean?" said Will, flushing over face and ears, his features seeming to change as if he had had a violent shake. "Don't joke; tell me what you mean."

"You don't really know?" said Rosamond, no longer playful, and desiring nothing better than to tell, in order that she might evoke effects.

"No!" he returned, impatiently.

"Don't know that Mr. Casaubon has left it in his will that if Mrs. Casaubon marries you she is to forfeit all her property?"

"How do you know that it is true?" said Will, eagerly.

"My brother Fred heard it from the Farebrothers."

Will started up from his chair and reached his hat.

"I dare say she likes you better than the property," said Rosamond, looking at him from a distance.

"Pray don't say any more about it," said Will, in a hoarse under-tone extremely unlike his usual light voice. "It is a foul insult to her and to me." Then he sat down absently, looking before him, but seeing nothing.

"Now you are angry with *me*," said Rosamond. "It is too bad to bear *me* malice. You ought to be obliged to me for telling you."

"So I am," said Will, abruptly, speaking with that kind of double soul which belongs to dreamers who answer questions.

"I expect to hear of the marriage," said Rosamond, playfully.

"Never! You will never hear of the marriage!"

With those words uttered impetuously, Will rose, put out his hand to Rosamond, still with the air of a somnambulist, and went away.

When he was gone, Rosamond left her chair and walked to the other end of the room, leaning when she got there against a *chiffonnière*, and looking out of the window wearily. She was oppressed by *ennui*, and by that dissatisfaction which in women's minds is continually turning into a trivial jealousy, referring to no real claims, springing from no deeper passion than the vague exactingness of egoism, and yet capable of impelling action as well as speech. "There really is nothing to care for much," said poor Rosamond, inwardly, thinking of the family at Quallingham, who did not write to her; and that perhaps Tertius when he came home would tease her about expenses. She had already secretly disobeyed him by asking her father to help them, and he had ended decisively by saying, "I am more likely to want help myself."

CHAPTER LX.

"Good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable."—*Justice Shallow.*

A FEW days afterward—it was already the end of August—there was an occasion which caused some excitement in Middlemarch: the public, if it chose, was to have the advantage of buying, under the distinguished auspices of Mr. Borthrop Trumbull, the furniture, books, and pictures which any body might see by the handbills to be the best in every kind, belonging to Edwin Larcher, Esq. This was not one of the sales indicating the depression of trade; on the contrary, it was due to Mr. Larcher's great success in the carrying business, which warranted his purchase of a mansion near Riverston already furnished in high style by an illustrious Spa physician—furnished indeed with such large framefuls of expensive flesh-painting in the dining-room, that Mrs. Larcher was nervous until reassured by finding the subjects to be Scriptural. Hence the fine opportunity to purchasers which was well pointed out in the handbills of Mr. Borthrop Trumbull, whose acquaintance with the history of art enabled him to state that the hall furniture, to be sold without reserve, comprised a piece of carving by a contemporary of Gibbons.

At Middlemarch in those times a large sale was regarded as a kind of festival. There was a table spread with the best cold eatables, as at a superior funeral; and facilities were offered for that generous drinking of cheerful glasses which might lead to generous and cheerful bidding for undesirable articles. Mr. Larcher's sale was the more attractive in the fine weather because the house stood just at the end of the town, with a garden and stables attached, in that pleasant issue from Middlemarch called the London Road, which was also the road to the New Hospital and to Mr. Bulstrode's retired residence, known as the Shrubs. In short, the auction was as good as a fair, and drew all classes with leisure at command: to some, who risked making bids in order simply to raise prices, it was almost equal to betting at the races. The second day, when the best furniture was to be sold, "every body" was there; even Mr. Thesiger, the rector of St. Peter's, had looked in for a short time, wishing to buy the carved table, and had rubbed elbows with Mr. Bambridge and Mr. Horrock. There was a wreath of Middlemarch ladies accommodated with seats round the large table in the dining-room, where Mr. Borthrop Trumbull was mounted with desk and hammer; but the rows chiefly of masculine faces behind were often varied by incomings and outgoings both from the door and the large bow-window opening on to the lawn.

"Every body" that day did not include Mr. Bulstrode, whose health could not well endure crowds and draughts. But Mrs. Bulstrode had particularly wished to have a certain picture—a *Supper at Emmaus*, attributed in the catalogue to Guido; and at the last moment before the day of the sale Mr. Bulstrode had called at the office of the *Pioneer*, of which he was now one of the proprietors, to beg of Mr. Ladislaw as a great favor that he would obligingly use his remarkable knowledge of pictures on behalf of Mrs. Bulstrode, and judge of the value of this particular painting—"if," added the scrupulously polite banker, "attendance at the sale would not interfere with the arrangements of your departure, which I know is imminent."

This proviso might have sounded rather satirically in Will's ear if he had been in a mood to care about such satire. It referred to an understanding entered into many weeks before with the proprietors of the paper that he should be at liberty any day he pleased to hand over the management to the sub-editor whom he had been training; since he wished finally to quit Middlemarch. But indefinite visions of ambition are weak against the ease of doing what is habitual or beguilingly agreeable; and we all know the difficulty of carrying out a resolve when we secretly long that it may turn out to be unnecessary. In such states of mind the most incredulous person has a private leaning toward miracle: impossible to conceive how our wish could be fulfilled; still—very wonderful things have happened! Will did not confess this weakness to himself, but he lingered. What was the use of going to London at that time of the year? The Rugby men who would remember him were not there; and so far as political writing was concerned, he would rather for a few weeks go on with the *Pioneer*. At the present moment, however, when Mr. Bulstrode was speaking to him, he had both a strengthened resolve to go and an equally strong resolve not to go till he had once more seen Dorothea. Hence he replied that he had reasons for deferring his departure a little, and would be happy to go to the sale.

Will was in a defiant mood, his consciousness being deeply stung with the thought that the people who looked at him probably knew a fact tantamount to an accusation against him as a fellow with low designs which were to be frustrated by a disposal of property. Like most people who assert their freedom with regard to conventional distinction, he was prepared to be sudden and quick at quarrel with any one who might hint that he had personal reasons for that assertion—that there was any thing in his blood, his bearing, or his character to which he gave the mask of an opinion. When he was under an irritating impression of this kind he would go about for days with a defiant look, the color changing in his transparent skin as if he were on the *qui vive*, watching for something which he had to dart upon.

This expression was peculiarly noticeable in him at the sale, and those who had only seen him in his moods of gentle oddity or of bright enjoyment would have been struck with a contrast. He was not sorry to have this occasion for appearing in public before the Middlemarch tribes of Toller, Hackbutt, and the rest, who looked down on him as an adventurer, and were in a state of brutal ignorance about Dante—who sneered at his Polish blood, and were themselves of a breed very much in need of crossing. He stood in a conspicuous place not far from the auctioneer, with a forefinger in each side-pocket, and his head thrown backward, not caring to speak to any body, though he had been cordially welcomed as a connoisseur by Mr. Trumbull, who was enjoying the utmost activity of his great faculties.

And surely among all men whose vocation requires them to exhibit their powers of speech the happiest is a prosperous provincial auctioneer keenly alive to his own jokes and sensible of his encyclopedic knowledge. Some saturnine, sour-blooded persons might object to be constantly insisting on the merits of all articles from boot-jacks to "Berghems;" but Mr. Borthrop Trumbull had a kindly liquid in his veins; he was an admirer by nature, and would have liked to have the universe under his hammer, feeling that it would go at a higher figure for his recommendation.

Meanwhile Mrs. Larcher's drawing-room furniture was enough for him. When Will Ladislaw had come in, a second fender, said to have been forgotten in its right place, suddenly claimed the auctioneer's enthusiasm, which he distributed on the equitable principle of praising those things most which were most in need of praise. The fender was of polished steel, with much lancet-shaped open-work and a sharp edge.

"Now, ladies," said he, "I shall appeal to you. Here is a fender which at any other sale would hardly be offered without reserve, being, as I may say, for quality of steel and quaintness of design, a kind of thing"—here Mr. Trumbull dropped his voice and became slightly nasal, trimming his outlines with his left finger—"that might not fall in with ordinary tastes. Allow me to tell you that by-and-by this style of workmanship will be the only one in vogue—half a crown, you said? thank you—going at half a crown, this characteristic fender; and I have particular information that the antique style is very much sought after in high quarters. Three shillings—three-and-sixpence—hold it well up, Joseph! Look, ladies, at the chastity of the design—I have no doubt myself that it was turned out in the last century! Four shillings, Mr. Mawmsey?—four shillings."

"It's not a thing I would put in *my* drawing-room," said Mrs. Mawmsey, audibly, for the warning of the rash husband. "I wonder *at* Mrs. Larcher. Every blessed child's head that fell against it would be cut in two. The edge is like a knife."

"Quite true," rejoined Mr. Trumbull, quickly, "and most uncommonly useful to have a fender at hand that will cut, if you have a leather shoe-tie or a bit of string that wants cutting and no knife at hand: many a man has been left hanging because there was no knife to cut him down. Gentlemen, here's a fender that if you had the misfortune to hang yourselves would cut you down in no time—with astonishing celerity—four-and-sixpence—five—five-and-sixpence—an appropriate thing for a spare bedroom where there was a four-poster and a guest a little out of his mind—six shillings—thank you, Mr. Clintup—going at six shillings—going—gone!" The auctioneer's glance, which had been searching round him with a preternatural susceptibility to all signs of bidding, here dropped on the paper before him, and his voice too dropped into a tone of indifferent dispatch as he said, "Mr. Clintup. Be handy, Joseph."

"It was worth six shillings to have a fender you could always tell that joke on," said Mr. Clintup, laughing low and apologetically to his next neighbor. He was a diffident though distinguished nursery-man, and feared that the audience might regard his bid as a foolish one.

Meanwhile Joseph had brought a trayful of small articles. "Now, ladies," said Mr. Trumbull, taking up one of the articles, "this tray contains a very recherchy lot—a collection of trifles for the drawing-room table—and trifles make the sum of human things—nothing more important than trifles—(yes, Mr. Ladislaw, yes, by-and-by)—but pass the tray round, Joseph—these bijoux must be examined, ladies. This I have in my hand is an ingenious contrivance—a sort of practical rebus, I may call it: here, you see, it looks like an elegant heart-shaped box, portable—for the pocket; there, again, it becomes like a splendid double flower—an ornament for the table; and now"—Mr. Trumbull allowed the flower to fall alarmingly into strings of heart-shaped leaves—"a book of riddles! No less than five hundred printed in a beautiful red. Gentlemen, if I had less of a conscience, I should not wish you to bid high for this lot—I have a longing for it myself. What can promote innocent mirth, and I may say virtue, more than a good riddle?—it hinders profane language, and attaches a man to the society of refined females. This ingenious article itself, without the elegant domino-box, card-basket, etc., ought alone to give a high price to the lot. Carried in the pocket, it might make an individual welcome in any society. Four shillings, Sir—four shillings for this remarkable collection of riddles with the et cæteras. Here is a sample: 'How must you spell honey to make it catch lady-birds? Answer—money. You hear?—lady-birds—honey—money.' This is an amusement to sharpen the intellect; it has a sting—it is what we call satire, and wit without indecency. Four-and-sixpence—five shillings."

The bidding ran on with warming rivalry. Mr. Bowyer was a bidder, and this was too exasperating. Bowyer couldn't afford it, and only wanted to hinder every other man from making a figure. The current carried even Mr. Horrock with it, but this committal of himself to an opinion fell from him with so little sacrifice of his neutral expression that the bid might not have been detected as his but for the friendly oaths of Mr. Bambridge, who wanted to know what Horrock would do with blasted stuff only fit for haberdashers given over to that state of perdition which the horse-dealer so cordially recognized in the majority of earthly existences. The lot was finally knocked down at a guinea to Mr. Spilkins, a young Slender of the neighborhood, who was reckless with his pocket-money and felt his want of memory for riddles.

"Come, Trumbull, this is too bad—you've been putting some old maid's rubbish into the sale," murmured Mr. Toller, getting close to the auctioneer. "I want to see how the prints go, and I must be off soon."

"*Im*mediately, Mr. Toller. It was only an act of benevolence which your noble heart would approve. Joseph! quick with the prints—Lot 235. Now, gentlemen, you who are connoisseurs, you are going to have a treat. Here is an engraving of the Duke of Wellington surrounded by his staff on the Field of Waterloo; and notwithstanding recent events which have, as it were, enveloped our great Hero in a cloud, I will be bold to say—for a man in my line must not be blown about by political winds—that a finer subject—of the modern order, belonging to our own time and epoch—the understanding of man could hardly conceive: angels might, perhaps, but not men, Sirs, not men."

"Who painted it?" said Mr. Powderell, much impressed.

"It is a proof before the letter, Mr. Powderell—the painter is not known," answered Trumbull, with a certain gaspingness in his last words, after which he pursed up his lips and stared round him.

"I'll bid a pound!" said Mr. Powderell, in a tone of resolved emotion, as of a man ready to put himself in the breach. Whether from awe or pity, nobody raised the price on him.

Next came two Dutch prints which Mr. Toller had been eager for, and after he had secured them he went away. Other prints, and afterward some paintings, were sold to leading Middlemarchers who had come with a special desire for them, and there was a more active movement of the audience in and out; some, who had bought what they wanted, going away, others coming in either quite newly or from a temporary visit to the refreshments which were spread under the marquee on the lawn. It was this marquee that

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 990.]

E GREAT FIRE.—[See Page 986.]

Old South Church. City Hall. New Post-office. Old State-house. Faneuil Hall. Custom-house.

THE BOSTON RUINS.

WE lay before our readers this week a magnificent panoramic view of the burned district of Boston, from which a clear idea may be obtained of the ravages of the recent conflagration. The view is taken from the bay, looking across the shipping and docks in the foreground, where heaps of smouldering coal still send forth columns of smoke and shimmering clouds of vapor, like miniature volcanoes, to that part of the city untouched by the flames. The whole of the burned district is included within the boundaries of the picture; the lines of all the streets are distinctly marked, and every prominent pile of ruin is given exactly as it appeared the day the sketch was made. On the left may be seen the picturesque tower of Trinity Church, and the crumbling walls of other buildings, in Summer Street, near the spot where the fire originated. On the right of the church tower may be seen the west side of Washington Street, exposed to view by the destruction of the buildings on the east side. A little to the left of the Old South Church, near the centre of the picture, the eye rests on the ruins of the *Transcript* building. The large dome a little to the right of the Old South belongs to the new City Hall; the smaller dome a little further to the right belongs to the *Post* building, which fortunately escaped the flames. Still further to the right, and nearly on a line with the Old South, may be seen the Old State-house and Faneuil Hall. The new Post-office and Treasury building, on Milk Street, whose substantial walls formed a barrier to the flames, may be easily recognized. Had this structure burned, it seems more than probable that the fire would have swept through to Washington Street at that point also, taking the Old South, the *Post* building, and extending the area of the burned district to twice its present size. In the lower right-hand corner stands the Sailors' Snug Harbor, untouched by the fire; on the extreme left is the site of the freight dépôt of the Boston, Hartford, and Erie Railroad.

Within the boundaries of the burned district, which may be distinctly traced in our picture, every building is a complete ruin. The fire literally devoured every thing that stood in its way, and crumbling walls and heaps of stone alone remain to mark where but a few weeks ago stood massive granite structures that seemed to be as indestructible as the Pyramids. One would as soon have thought the rock-hewn city of Petra capable of burning down. The work of clearing away the ruins has already commenced; a few weeks will make a complete change in the aspect of the burned district; and in a few months there will be nothing to remind a visitor of the great disaster. There has been some talk of erecting a monument in some conspicuous place to commemorate the event, as the great fire of London is commemorated; and apropos to this suggestion, Mr. C. F. ADAMS, Jun., has called public attention to the fact that Boston already possesses a monument far more interesting than the most costly obelisk could be. In a letter to the Boston *Advertiser* he says:

"By pure chance the recent fire left one monument of itself, ready-made for all time; and I want to intercede through your columns with those in authority that they may not disturb it. I refer to the west side of the new Post-office building, upon which the great Boston fire wrote its name in characters not easily effaced. That building is erected to last. Two hundred years hence it should stand just as it stands now, and as long as it stands it should bear on its face the scars left there by the fire of the 9th of November, 1872. "It is very easy to destroy such a landmark as this, and to give us in its place a smooth, unblemished granite front; it will be hereafter impossible to replace it. The monument to the fire of London is all very well, but it would be more interesting to-day if the sight-seer could look on the very walls of some great public building which still bore on them the marks of the flames. A great misfortune has made a monument out of a new building: will it not be a great pity to carefully efface the inscription?"

The suggestion is capital; but we fear it will be considered rather Quixotic by "practical" New Englanders; and doubtless a new granite wall will replace the one scarred and seamed by fire, and a handsome granite monument will rise to commemorate both the great conflagration and the prosaic taste of the average American of the present day.

The special report of the Signal Service observer stationed at Boston concerning atmospheric phenomena connected with the great fire contains some very curious and instructive information. The officer says:

"The wind during the progress of the fire varied from north-northwest to north, with a velocity of from five to nine miles per hour, weather being clear, cool, and pleasant. On approaching the fire on the north or windward side as close as the heat would allow, the draught of air through the burning streets assumed the character of a brisk wind, probably sixteen or eighteen miles per hour, while the heat was so intense as to cause smoke, steam, etc., to be carried up in columns to a great elevation. On the south or lee side the induced currents of air were very strong, probably thirty or thirty-five miles per hour, carrying the fire directly to windward. This state of affairs appears to be the reverse of the Chicago fire, where the strength of the wind was sufficient to overcome the induced currents, and the fire burned to leeward. It appears as if the light wind permitted the indraught to rise at a considerable angle after reaching the fire, leaving a large space of highly rarefied air in its front, inducing stronger currents to flow in, which, meeting the indraught, gave the spiral or whirlwind form to the ascending current.

"During the fire a flock of ducks passed at a great height overhead, and the light reflected from their plumage made them appear as fire-balls passing rapidly through the air. Many who saw them called them meteors, and likened them to the balls of fire said to have been seen in the Northwest during the great fires in that section. As an example of the great heat diffused, I would state that during the night I exposed a thermometer on the observatory to the full glare of the fire, when it rose nearly five degrees, although placed upward of a thousand feet from the burning district, and to windward of it. No other phenomena occurred, the barometer rising slightly, and the ... remained unchanged."

...rs may remember that during the ...agration, just as at Chicago, flames ...ead of the fire in buildings it had not yet reached. It is probable that the intense heat vaporized the contents of the buildings in advance, while the more abundant supply of air in-rushing at the outskirts added to the facility with which new flames could be started. The action of the firemen in confining their efforts to the borders of the fire where its progress seemed to be least violent, though dictated partly by the necessity of the case, because they could not work to advantage on the sides where the heat was most intense, was probably quite as successful in confining the fire area as any plan they could have adopted.

We are indebted to Mr. J. W. BLACK and Mr. J. A. WHIPPLE, of Boston, for photographs and for many courtesies to our artists. Through their efficient assistance we are able to present our readers with a picture which is not only interesting from an artistic point of view, but which will always possess an inestimable value as a record of the great fire.

(Continued from No. 832, page 951.)

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

BY GEORGE ELIOT,

AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE," "ROMOLA," ETC.

BOOK VI.

THE WIDOW AND THE WIFE.

CHAPTER LVIII.—(*Continued.*)

IT was evening when he got home. He was intensely miserable, this strong man of nine-and-twenty and of many gifts. He was not saying angrily within himself that he had made a profound mistake; but the mistake was at work in him like a recognized chronic disease, mingling its uneasy importunities with every prospect, and enfeebling every thought. As he went along the passage to the drawing-room he heard the piano and singing. Of course Ladislaw was there. It was some weeks since Will had parted from Dorothea, yet he was still at the old post in Middlemarch. Lydgate had no objection in general to Ladislaw's coming, but just now he was annoyed that he could not find his hearth free. When he opened the door the two singers went on toward the key-note, raising their eyes and looking at him, indeed, but not regarding his entrance as an interruption. To a man galled with his harness as poor Lydgate was it is not soothing to see two people warbling at him, as he comes in with the sense that the painful day has still pains in store. His face, already paler than usual, took on a scowl as he walked across the room and flung himself into a chair.

The singers, feeling themselves excused by the fact that they had had only three bars to sing, now turned round.

"How are you, Lydgate?" said Will, coming forward to shake hands.

Lydgate took his hand, but did not think it necessary to speak.

"Have you dined, Tertius? I expected you much earlier," said Rosamond, who had already seen that her husband was in a "horrible humor." She seated herself in her usual place as she spoke.

"I have dined. I should like some tea, please," said Lydgate, curtly, still scowling and looking markedly at his legs stretched out before him.

Will was too quick to need more. "I shall be off," he said, reaching his hat.

"Tea is coming," said Rosamond; "pray don't go."

"Yes, Lydgate is bored," said Will, who had more comprehension of Lydgate than Rosamond had, and was not offended by his manner, easily imagining out-door causes of annoyance.

"There is the more need for you to stay," said Rosamond, playfully, and in her lightest accent; "he will not speak to me all the evening."

"Yes, Rosamond, I shall," said Lydgate, in his strong barytone. "I have some serious business to speak to you about."

No introduction of the business could have been less like that which Lydgate had intended; but her indifferent manner had been too provoking.

"There! you see," said Will. "I'm going to the meeting about the Mechanics' Institute. Good-by;" and he went quickly out of the room.

Rosamond did not look at her husband, but presently rose and took her place before the tea-tray. She was thinking that she had never seen him so disagreeable. Lydgate turned his dark eyes on her and watched her as she delicately handled the tea-service with her taper fingers, and looked at the objects immediately before her with no curve in her face disturbed, and yet with an ineffable protest in her air against all people with unpleasant manners. For the moment he lost the sense of his wound in a sudden speculation about this new form of feminine impassibility revealing itself in the sylph-like frame which he had once interpreted as the sign of a ready, intelligent sensitiveness. His mind glancing back to Laure while he looked at Rosamond, he said inwardly, "Would *she* kill me because I wearied her?" and then, "It is the way with all women." But this power of generalizing, which gives men so much the superiority in mistake over the dumb animals, was immediately thwarted by Lydgate's memory of wondering impressions from the behavior of another woman—from Dorothea's looks and tones of emotion about her husband when Lydgate began to attend him—from her passionate cry to be taught what would best comfort that man for whose sake it seemed as if she must quell every impulse in her except the yearnings of faithfulness and compassion.

These revived impressions succeeded each other quickly and dreamily in Lydgate's mind while the tea was being brewed. He had shut his eyes in the last instant of reverie while he heard Dorothea saying "Advise me—think what I can do—he has been all his life laboring and looking forward. He minds about nothing else—and I mind about nothing else."

That voice of deep-souled womanhood had remained within him as the enkindling conceptions of dead and sceptred genius had remained within him (is there not a genius for feeling nobly which also reigns over human spirits and their conclusions?); the tones were a music from which he was falling away—he had really fallen into a momentary doze, when Rosamond said, in her silvery neutral way, "Here is your tea, Tertius," setting it on the small table by his side, and then moved back to her place without looking at him. Lydgate was too hasty in attributing insensibility to her; after her own fashion, she was sensitive enough, and took lasting impressions. Her impression now was one of offense and repulsion. But then Rosamond had no scowls, and had never raised her voice: she was quite sure that no one could justly find fault with her.

Perhaps Lydgate and she had never felt so far off each other before; but there were strong reasons for not deferring his revelation, even if he had not already begun it by that abrupt announcement; indeed, some of the angry desire to rouse her into more sensibility on his account which had prompted him to speak prematurely still mingled with his pain in the prospect of her pain. But he waited till the tray was gone, the candles were lit, and the evening quiet might be counted on: the interval had left time for repelled tenderness to return into the old course. He spoke kindly.

"Dear Rosy, lay down your work and come to sit by me," he said, gently, pushing away the table, and stretching out his arm to draw a chair near his own.

Rosamond obeyed. As she came toward him in her drapery of transparent faintly tinted muslin, her slim yet round figure never looked more graceful; as she sat down by him and laid one hand on the elbow of his chair, at last looking at him and meeting his eyes, her delicate neck and cheek and purely cut lips never had more of that unstained beauty which touches us in spring-time and infancy and all sweet freshness. It touched Lydgate now, and mingled the early moments of his love for her with all the other memories which were stirred in this crisis of deep trouble. He laid his ample hand softly on hers, saying:

"Dear!" with the lingering utterance which affection gives to the word. Rosamond too was still under the power of that same past, and her husband was still in part the Lydgate whose approval had stirred delight. She put his hair lightly away from his forehead, then laid her other hand on his, and was conscious of forgiving him.

"I am obliged to tell you what will hurt you, Rosy. But there are things which husband and wife must think of together. I dare say it has occurred to you already that I am short of money."

Lydgate paused; but Rosamond turned her neck and looked at a vase on the mantel-piece.

"I was not able to pay for all the things we had to get before we were married, and there have been expenses since which I have been obliged to meet. The consequence is, there is a large debt at Brassing—three hundred and eighty pounds—which has been pressing on me a good while, and in fact we are getting deeper every day; for people don't pay me the faster because others want the money. I took pains to keep it from you while you were not well; but now we must think together about it, and you must help me."

"What can *I* do, Tertius?" said Rosamond, turning her eyes on him again. That little speech of four words, like so many others in all languages, is capable by varied vocal inflections of expressing all states of mind, from helpless dimness to exhaustive argumentative perception, from the completest self-devoting fellowship to the most neutral aloofness. Rosamond's thin utterance threw into the words "What can *I* do?" as much neutrality as they could hold. They fell like a mortal chill on Lydgate's roused tenderness. He did not storm in indignation—he felt too sad a sinking of the heart. And when he spoke again it was more in the tone of a man who forces himself to fulfill a task.

"It is necessary for you to know, because I have to give security for a time, and a man must come to make an inventory of the furniture."

Rosamond colored deeply. "Have you not asked papa for money?" she said, as soon as she could speak.

"No."

"Then I must ask him!" she said, releasing her hands from Lydgate's, and rising to stand at two yards' distance from him.

"No, Rosy," said Lydgate, decisively. "It is too late to do that. The inventory will be begun to-morrow. Remember, it is a mere security; it will make no difference; it is a temporary affair. I insist upon it that your father shall not know, unless I choose to tell him," added Lydgate, with a more peremptory emphasis.

This certainly was unkind, but Rosamond had thrown him back on evil expectation as to what she would do in the way of quiet, steady disobedience. The unkindness seemed unpardonable to her. She was not given to weeping, and disliked it; but now her chin and lips began to tremble, and the tears welled up. Perhaps it was not possible for Lydgate, under the double stress of outward material difficulty and of his own proud resistance to humiliating consequences, to imagine fully what this sudden trial was to a young creature who had known nothing but indulgence, and whose dreams had all been of new indulgence more exactly to her taste. But he did wish to spare her as much as he could, and her tears cut him to the heart. He could not speak again immediately; but Rosamond did not go on sobbing: she tried to conquer her agitation, and wiped away her tears, continuing to look before her at the mantel-piece.

"Try not to grieve, darling," said Lydgate, turning his eyes up toward her. That she had chosen to move away from him in this moment of her trouble made every thing harder to say, but he must absolutely go on. "We must brace ourselves to do what is necessary. It is I who have been in fault: I ought to have seen that I could not afford to live in this way. But many things have told against me in my practice, and it really just now has ebbed to a low point. I may recover it, but in the mean time we must pull up—we must change our way of living. We shall weather it. When I have given this security I shall have time to look about me; and you are so clever that if you turn your mind to managing you will school me into carefulness. I have been a thoughtless rascal about squaring prices—but come, dear, sit down and forgive me."

Lydgate was bowing his neck under the yoke like a creature who had talons, but who had Reason too, which often reduces us to meekness. When he had spoken the last words in an imploring tone, Rosamond returned to the chair by his side. His self-blame gave her some hope that he would attend to her opinion, and she said,

"Why can you not put off having the inventory made? You can send the men away to-morrow when they come."

"I shall not send them away," said Lydgate, the peremptoriness rising again. Was it of any use to explain?

"If we left Middlemarch, there would of course be a sale, and that would do as well."

"But we are not going to leave Middlemarch."

"I am sure, Tertius, it would be much better to do so. Why can we not go to London? Or near Durham, where your family is known?"

"We can go nowhere without money, Rosamond."

"Your friends would not wish you to be without money. And surely these odious tradesmen might be made to understand that, and to wait, if you would make proper representations to them."

"This is idle, Rosamond," said Lydgate, angrily. "You must learn to take my judgment on questions you don't understand. I have made necessary arrangements, and they must be carried out. As to friends, I have no expectations whatever from them, and shall not ask them for any thing."

Rosamond sat perfectly still. The thought in her mind was that if she had known how Lydgate would behave, she would never have married him.

"We have no time to waste now on unnecessary words, dear," said Lydgate, trying to be gentle again. "There are some details that I want to consider with you. Dover says he will take a good deal of the plate back again, and any of the jewelry we like. He really behaves very well."

"Are we to go without spoons and forks, then?" said Rosamond, whose very lips seemed to get thinner with the thinness of her utterance. She was determined to make no further resistance or suggestions.

"Oh no, dear!" said Lydgate. "But look here," he continued, drawing a paper from his pocket and opening it; "here is Dover's account. See, I have marked a number of articles, which if we returned them would reduce the amount by thirty pounds and more. I have not marked any of the jewelry." Lydgate had really felt this point of the jewelry very bitter to himself; but he had overcome the feeling by severe argument. He could not propose to Rosamond that she should return any particular present of his, but he had told himself that he was bound to put Dover's offer before her, and her inward prompting might make the affair easy.

"It is useless for me to look, Tertius," said Rosamond, calmly; "you will return what you please." She would not turn her eyes on the paper, and Lydgate, flushing up to the roots of his hair, drew it back, and let it fall on his knee. Meanwhile Rosamond quietly went out of the room, leaving Lydgate helpless and wondering. Was she not coming back? It seemed that she had no more identified herself with him than if they had been creatures of different species and opposing interests. He tossed his head and thrust his hands deep into his pockets with a sort of vengeance. There was still science—there were still good objects to work for. He must give a tug still—all the stronger because other satisfactions were going.

But the door opened and Rosamond re-entered. She carried the leather box containing the amethysts, and a tiny ornamental basket which contained other boxes, and laying them on the chair where she had been sitting, she said, with perfect propriety in her air,

"This is all the jewelry you ever gave me. You can return what you like of it, and of the plate also. You will not, of course, expect me to stay at home to-morrow. I shall go to papa's."

To many women the look Lydgate cast at her would have been more terrible than one of anger: it had in it a despairing acceptance of the distance she was placing between them.

"And when shall you come back again?" he said, with a bitter edge on his accent.

"Oh, in the evening. Of course I shall not mention the subject to mamma." Rosamond was convinced that no woman could behave more irreproachably than she was behaving; and she went to sit down at her work-table. Lydgate sat meditating a minute or two, and the

Bulstrode concurred; and advertisement as well as other modes of inquiry were tried. But the mother believed that she was not to be found, and consented to marry without reservation of property.

The daughter had been found; but only one man besides Bulstrode knew it, and he was paid for keeping silence and carrying himself away.

That was the bare fact which Bulstrode was now forced to see in the rigid outline with which acts present themselves to on-lookers. But for himself at that distant time, and even now in burning memory, the fact was broken into little sequences, each justified as it came by reasonings which seemed to prove it righteous. Bulstrode's course up to that time had, he thought, been sanctioned by remarkable providences, appearing to point the way for him to be the agent in making the best use of a large property and withdrawing it from perversion. Death and other striking dispositions, such as feminine trustfulness, had come—and Bulstrode would have adopted Cromwell's words—"Do you call these bare events? The Lord pity you!" The events were comparatively small, but the essential condition was there—namely, that they were in favor of his own ends. It was easy for him to settle what was due from him to others by inquiring what were God's intentions with regard to himself. Could it be for God's service that this fortune should in any considerable proportion go to a young woman and her husband who were given up to the lightest pursuits, and might scatter it abroad in triviality—people who seemed to lie outside the path of remarkable providences? Bulstrode had never said to himself beforehand, "The daughter shall not be found"—nevertheless, when the moment came, he kept her existence hidden; and when other moments followed, he soothed the mother with consolation in the probability that the unhappy young woman might be no more.

There were hours in which Bulstrode felt that his action was unrighteous; but how could he go back? He had mental exercises, called himself naught, laid hold on redemption, and went on in his course of instrumentality. And after five years Death again came to widen his path, by taking away his wife. He did gradually withdraw his capital, but he did not make the sacrifices requisite to put an end to the business, which was carried on for thirteen years afterward before it finally collapsed. Meanwhile Nicholas Bulstrode had used his hundred thousand discreetly, and was become provincially, solidly important—a banker, a Churchman, a public benefactor; also a sleeping partner in trading concerns, in which his ability was directed to economy in the raw material, as in the case of the dyes which rotted Mr. Vincy's silk. And now, when this respectability had lasted undisturbed for nearly thirty years—when all that preceded it had long lain benumbed in the consciousness—the past had risen and immersed his thought as if with the terrible irruption of a new sense overburdening the feeble being.

Meanwhile, in his conversation with Raffles, he had learned something momentous, something which entered actively into the struggle of his longings and terrors. There, he thought, lay an opening toward spiritual, perhaps toward material rescue.

The spiritual kind of rescue was a genuine need with him. There may be coarse hypocrites, who consciously affect beliefs and emotions for the sake of gulling the world, but Bulstrode was not one of them. He was simply a man whose desires had been stronger than his theoretic beliefs, and who had gradually explained the gratification of his desires into satisfactory agreement with those beliefs. If this be hypocrisy, it is a process which shows itself occasionally in us all, to whatever confession we belong, and whether we believe in the future perfection of our race or in the nearest date fixed for the end of the world; whether we regard the earth as a putrefying nidus for a saved remnant, including ourselves, or have a passionate belief in the solidarity of mankind.

The service he could do to the cause of religion had been through life the ground he alleged to himself for his choice of action: it had been the motive which he had poured out in his prayers. Who would use money and position better than he meant to use them? Who could surpass him in self-abhorrence and exaltation of God's cause? And to Mr. Bulstrode God's cause was something distinct from his own rectitude of conduct: it enforced a discrimination of God's enemies, who were to be used merely as instruments, and whom it would be as well, if possible, to keep out of money and consequent influence. Also, profitable investments in trades where the power of the prince of this world showed its most active devices, became sanctified by a right application of the profits in the hands of God's servant.

This implicit reasoning is esentially no more peculiar to evangelical belief than the use of wide phrases for narrow motives is peculiar to Englishmen. There is no general doctrine which is not capable of eating out our morality if unchecked by the deep-seated habit of direct fellow-feeling with individual fellow-men.

But a man who believes in something else than his own greed has necessarily a conscience or standard to which he more or less adapts himself. Bulstrode's standard had been his serviceableness to God's cause: "I am sinful and naught—a vessel to be consecrated by use—but use me!"—had been the mould into which he had constrained his immense need of being something important and predominating. And now had come a moment in which that mould seemed in danger of being broken and utterly cast away.

What if the acts he had reconciled himself to, because they made him a stronger instrument of the divine glory, were to become the pretext of the scoffer, and a darkening of that glory? If this were to be the ruling of Providence, he was cast out from the temple as one who had brought unclean offerings.

He had long poured out utterances of repentance. But to-day a repentance had come which was of a bitterer flavor, and a threatening Providence urged him to a kind of propitiation which was not simply a doctrinal transaction. The divine tribunal had changed its aspect for him; self-prostration was no longer enough, and he must bring restitution in his hand. It was really before his God that Bulstrode was about to attempt such restitution as seemed possible: a great dread had seized his susceptible frame, and the scorching approach of shame wrought in him a new spiritual need. Night and day, while the resurgent threatening past was making a conscience within him, he was thinking by what means he could recover peace and trust—by what sacrifice he could stay the rod. His belief in these moments of dread was, that if he spontaneously did something right, God would save him from the consequences of wrong-doing. For religion can only change when the emotions which fill it are changed; and the religion of personal fear remains nearly at the level of the savage.

He had seen Raffles actually going away on the Brassing coach, and this was a temporary relief; it removed the pressure of an immediate dread, but did not put an end to the spiritual conflict and the need to win protection. At last he came to a difficult resolve, and wrote a letter to Will Ladislaw, begging him to be at the Shrubs that evening for a private interview at nine o'clock. Will had felt no particular surprise at the request, and connected it with some new notions about the *Pioneer;* but when he was shown into Mr. Bulstrode's private room, he was struck with the painfully worn look on the banker's face, and was going to say, "Are you ill?" when, checking himself in that abruptness, he only inquired after Mrs. Bulstrode, and her satisfaction with the picture bought for her.

"Thank you, she is quite satisfied; she is gone out with her daughters this evening. I begged you to come, Mr. Ladislaw, because I have a communication of a very private—indeed, I will say, of a sacredly confidential nature, which I desire to make to you. Nothing, I dare say, has been further from your thoughts than that there had been important ties in the past which could connect your history with mine."

Will felt something like an electric shock. He was already in a state of keen sensitiveness and hardly allayed agitation on the subject of ties in the past, and his presentiments were not agreeable. It seemed like the fluctuations of a dream—as if the action begun by that loud bloated stranger were being carried on by this pale-eyed sickly looking piece of respectability, whose subdued tone and glib formality of speech were at this moment almost as repulsive to him as their remembered contrast. He answered, with a marked change of color,

"No, indeed, nothing."

"You see before you, Mr. Ladislaw, a man who is deeply stricken. But for the urgency of conscience and the knowledge that I am before the bar of One who seeth not as man seeth, I should be under no compulsion to make the disclosure which has been my object in asking you to come here to-night. So far as human laws go, you have no claim on me whatever."

Will was even more uncomfortable than wondering. Mr. Bulstrode had paused, leaning his head on his hand, and looking at the floor. But he now fixed his examining glance on Will, and said,

"I am told that your mother's name was Sarah Dunkirk, and that she ran away from her friends to go on the stage. Also, that your father was at one time much emaciated by illness. May I ask if you can confirm these statements?"

"Yes, they are all true," said Will, struck with the order in which an inquiry had come, that might have been expected to be preliminary to the banker's previous hints. But Mr. Bulstrode had to-night followed the order of his emotions; he entertained no doubt that the opportunity for restitution had come, and he had an overpowering impulse toward the penitential expression by which he was deprecating chastisement.

"Do you know any particulars of your mother's family?" he continued.

"No; she never liked to speak of them. She was a very generous, honorable woman," said Will, almost angrily.

"I do not wish to allege any thing against her. Did she never mention her mother to you at all?"

"I have heard her say that she thought her mother did not know the reason of her running away. She said 'poor mother' in a pitying tone."

"That mother became my wife," said Bulstrode; and then paused a moment before he added, "You have a claim on me, Mr. Ladislaw: as I said before, not a legal claim, but one which my conscience recognizes. I was enriched by that marriage—a result which would probably not have taken place—certainly not to the same extent—if your grandmother could have discovered her daughter. That daughter, I gather, is no longer living?"

"No," said Will, feeling suspicion and repugnance rising so strongly within him that, without quite knowing what he did, he took his hat from the floor and stood up. The impulse within him was to reject the disclosed connection.

"Pray be seated, Mr. Ladislaw," said Bulstrode, anxiously. "Doubtless you are startled by the suddenness of this discovery. But I entreat your patience with a man already bowed down by inward trial."

Will reseated himself, feeling some pity which was half contempt for this voluntary self-abasement of an elderly man.

"It is my wish, Mr. Ladislaw, to make amends for the deprivation which befell your mother. I know that you are without fortune, and I wish to supply you adequately from a store which would have probably already been yours had your grandmother been certain of your mother's existence and been able to find her."

Mr. Bulstrode paused. He felt that he was performing a striking piece of scrupulosity in the judgment of his auditor, and a penitential act in the eyes of God. He had no clew to the state of Will Ladislaw's mind, smarting as it was from the clear hints of Raffles, and with its natural quickness in construction stimulated by the expectation of discoveries which he would have been glad to conjure back into darkness. Will made no answer for several moments, till Mr. Bulstrode, who at the end of his speech had cast his eyes on the floor, now raised them with an examining glance, which Will met fully, saying,

"I suppose you did know of my mother's existence, and knew where she might have been found."

Bulstrode shrank—there was a visible quivering in his face and hands. He was totally unprepared to have his advances met in this way, or to find himself urged into more revelation than he had beforehand set down as needful. But at that moment he dared not tell a lie, and he felt suddenly uncertain of his ground which he had trodden with some confidence before.

"I will not deny that you conjecture rightly," he answered, with a faltering in his tone. "And I wish to make atonement to you as the one still remaining who has suffered a loss through me. You enter, I trust, into my purpose, Mr. Ladislaw, which has a reference to higher than merely human claims, and as I have already said, is entirely independent of any legal compulsion. I am ready to narrow my own resources and the prospects of my family by binding myself to allow you five hundred pounds yearly during my life, and to leave you a proportional capital at my death—nay, to do still more, if more should be definitely necessary to any laudable project on your part." Mr. Bulstrode had gone on to particulars in the expectation that these would work strongly on Ladislaw, and merge other feelings in grateful acceptance.

But Will was looking as stubborn as possible, with his lip pouting and his fingers in his side-pockets. He was not in the least touched, and said, firmly,

"Before I make any reply to your proposition, Mr. Bulstrode, I must beg you to answer a question or two. Were you connected with the business by which that fortune you speak of was originally made?"

Mr. Bulstrode's thought was, "Raffles has told him." How could he refuse to answer when he had volunteered what drew forth the question? He answered, "Yes."

"And was that business—or was it not—a thoroughly dishonorable one—nay, one that, if its nature had been made public, might have ranked those concerned in it with thieves and convicts?"

Will's tone had a cutting bitterness: he was moved to put his question as nakedly as he could.

Bulstrode reddened with irrepressible anger. He had been prepared for a scene of self-abasement, but his intense pride and his habit of supremacy overpowered penitence, and even dread, when this young man, whom he had meant to benefit, turned on him with the air of a judge.

"The business was established before I became connected with it, Sir; nor is it for you to institute an inquiry of that kind," he answered, not raising his voice, but speaking with quick defiantness.

"Yes, it is," said Will, starting up again with his hat in his hand. "It is eminently mine to ask such questions, when I have to decide whether I will have transactions with you and accept your money. My unblemished honor is important to me. It is important to me to have no stain on my birth and my connections. And now I find there is a stain which I can't help. My mother felt it, and tried to keep as clear of it as she could, and so will I. You shall keep your ill-gotten money. If I had any fortune of my own, I would willingly pay it to any one who could disprove what you have told me. What I have to thank you for is that you kept the money till now, when I can refuse it. It ought to lie with a man's self that he is a gentleman. Good-night, Sir."

Bulstrode was going to speak, but Will with determined quickness was out of the room in an instant, and in another the hall door had closed behind him. He was too strongly possessed with passionate rebellion against this inherited blot which had been thrust on his knowledge to reflect at present whether he had not been too hard on Bulstrode—too arrogantly merciless toward a man of sixty, who was making efforts at retrieval when time had rendered them vain.

No third person listening could have thoroughly understood the impetuosity of Will's repulse or the bitterness of his words. No one but himself then knew how every thing connected with the sentiment of his own dignity had an immediate bearing for him on his relation to Dorothea and to Mr. Casaubon's treatment of him. And in the rush of impulses by which he flung back that offer of Bulstrode's there was mingled the sense that it would have been impossible for him ever to tell Dorothea that he had accepted it.

As for Bulstrode—when Will was gone he suffered a violent reaction, and wept like a woman. It was the first time he had encountered an open expression of scorn from any man higher than Raffles; and with that scorn hurrying like venom through his system, there was no sensibility left to consolations. But the relief of weeping had to be checked. His wife and daughters soon came home from hearing the address of an Oriental missionary, and were full of regret that papa had not heard, in the first instance, the interesting things which they tried to repeat to him.

Perhaps, through all other hidden thoughts, the one that breathed most comfort was, that Will Ladislaw at least was not likely to publish what had taken place that evening.

CHAPTER LXII.

"He was a squyer of lowe degre,
That loved the king's daughter of Hungrie."
—*Old Romance.*

WILL LADISLAW'S mind was now wholly [...] on seeing Dorothea again, and forthwith qui[...] Middlemarch. The morning after his agit[...] scene with Bulstrode he wrote a brief lett[...] her, saying that various causes had detained [...] in the neighborhood longer than he had expe[...] and asking her permission to call again at [...] wick at some hour which she would mentio[...] the earliest possible day, he being anxious to [...] part, but unwilling to do so until she had granted him an interview. He left the letter at the office, ordering the messenger to carry it to Lowick Manor and wait for an answer.

Ladislaw felt the awkwardness of asking for more last words. His former farewell had been in the hearing of Sir John Chettam, and had been announced as final even to the butler. It is certainly trying to a man's dignity to reappear when he is not expected to do so: a first farewell has pathos in it, but to come back for a second lends an opening to comedy, and it was possible even that there might be bitter sneers afloat about Will's motives for lingering. Still, it was on the whole more satisfactory to his feeling to take the directest means of seeing Dorothea, rather than to use any device which might give an air of chance to a meeting of which he wished her to understand that it was what he earnestly sought. When he had parted from her before, he had been in ignorance of facts which gave a new aspect to the relation between them, and made a more absolute severance than he had then believed in. He knew nothing of Dorothea's private fortune, and, being little used to reflect on such matters, took it for granted that, according to Mr. Casaubon's arrangement, marriage to him, Will Ladislaw, would mean that she consented to be penniless. That was not what he could wish for even in his secret heart, or even if she had been ready to meet such hard contrast for his sake. And then, too, there was the fresh smart of that disclosure about his mother's family, which if known would be an added reason why Dorothea's friends should look down upon him as utterly below her. The secret hope that after some years he might come back with the sense that he had at least a personal value equal to her wealth, seemed now the dreamy continuati[on] of a dream. This change would surely justi[fy] him in asking Dorothea to receive him once more.

But Dorothea on that morning was not at home to receive Will's note. In consequence of a letter from her uncle announcing his intention to be at home in a week, she had driven first to Freshitt to carry the news, meaning to go on to the Grange to deliver some orders with which her uncle had intrusted her—thinking, as he said, "a little mental occupation of this sort good for a widow."

If Will Ladislaw could have overheard some of the talk at Freshitt that morning, he would have felt all his suppositions confirmed as to the readiness of certain people to sneer at his lingering in the neighborhood. Sir James, indeed, though much relieved concerning Dorothea, had been on the watch to learn Ladislaw's movements, and had an instructed informant in Mr. Standish, who was necessarily in his confidence on this matter. That Ladislaw had staid in Middlemarch nearly two months after he had declared that he was going immediately, was a fact to imbitter Sir James's suspicions, or at least to justify his aversion to a "young fellow" whom he represented to himself as slight, volatile, and likely enough to show such recklessness as naturally went along with a position unriveted by family ties or a strict profession. But he had just heard something from Standish which, while it justified these surmises about Will, offered a means of nullifying all danger with regard to Dorothea.

Unwonted circumstances may make us all rather unlike ourselves: there are conditions under which the most majestic person is obliged to sneeze, and our emotions are liable to be acted on in the same incongruous manner. Good Sir James was this morning so far unlike himself that he was irritably anxious to say something to Dorothea on a subject which he usually avoided as if it had been a matter of shame to them both. He could not use Celia as a medium, because he did not choose that she should know the kind of gossip he had in his mind; and before Dorothea happened to arrive he had been trying to imagi[ne] how, with his shyness and unready ton[gue] could ever manage to introduce his com[...] tion. Her unexpected presence brought [...] utter hopelessness in his own power of say[...] thing unpleasant; but desperation sugg[...] resource; he sent the groom on an un[...] horse across the park with a penciled note [...] Cadwallader, who already knew the gos[...] would think it no compromise of hersel[...] peat it as often as required.

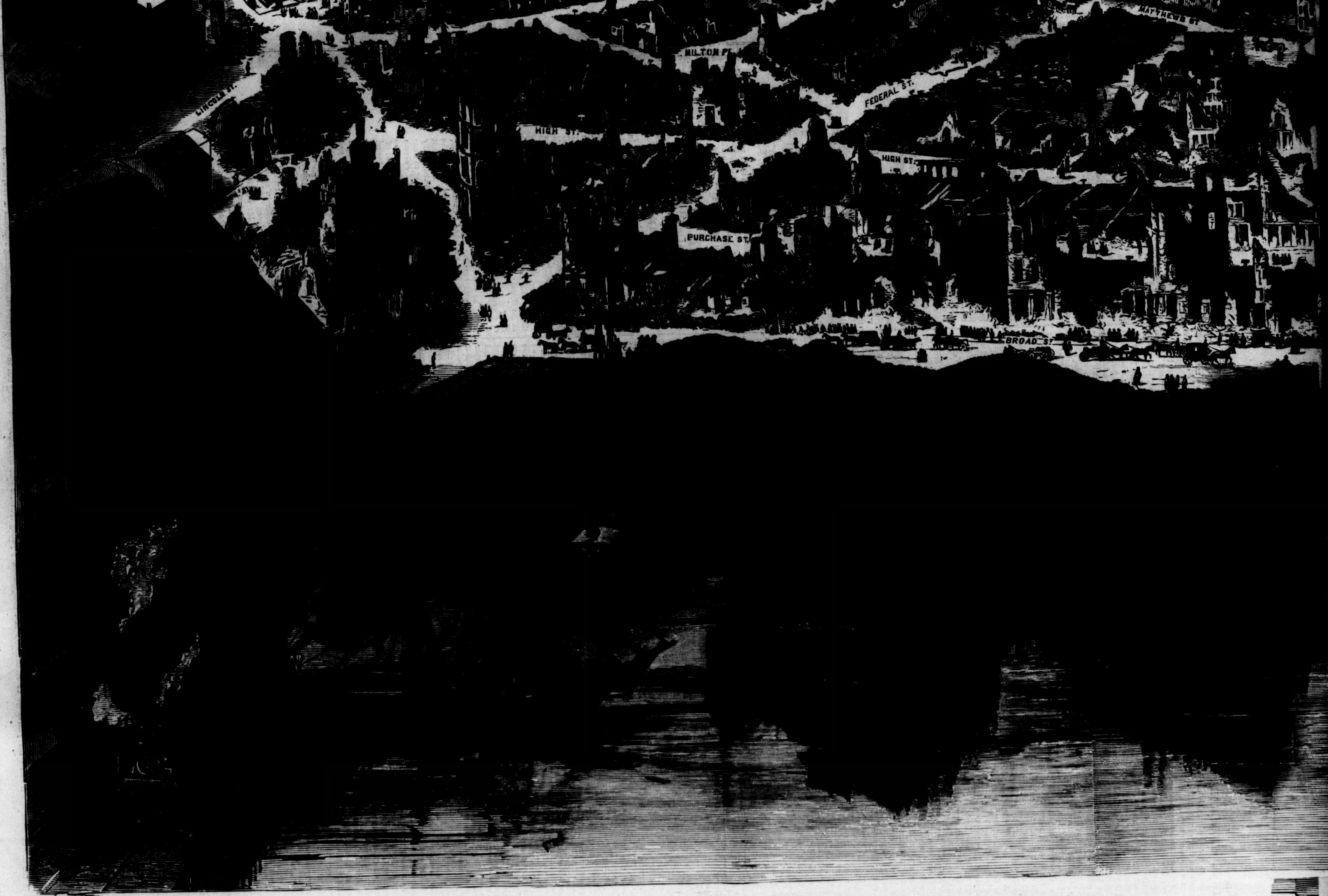
Dorothea was detained on the good[...] that Mr. Garth, whom she wanted to see [...] pected at the hall within the hour, and [...] still talking to Caleb on the gravel when S[...] on the watch for the rector's wife, saw her [...] and met her with the needful hints.

"Enough! I understand," said Mrs [...] lader. "You shall be innocent. I a[...] blackamoor that I can not smirch mys[...]

"I don't mean that it's of any con[...] said Sir James, disliking that Mrs. C[...] should understand too much. "Only [...] able that Dorothea should know th[...] sons why she should not receive him [...] I really can't say so to her. It will c[...] from you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Trinity Church.
Park Street Church.
State-house.
Dr. Neale's Church.
WASHINGTON ST.
HAWLEY ST.
HAWLEY ST.
FRANKLIN ST.
ARCH ST.
OTIS ST.
WINTHROP SQ.
DEVONSHIRE ST.
DEVONSHIRE ST.
SUMMER ST.
FIRE STARTED
BEDFORD ST.
MATTHEWS ST.



BOSTON AFTER T